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JULY 1987

A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

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Bruce Bawer on Broadway

Donna Rifkind: How Mary McCarthy Grew

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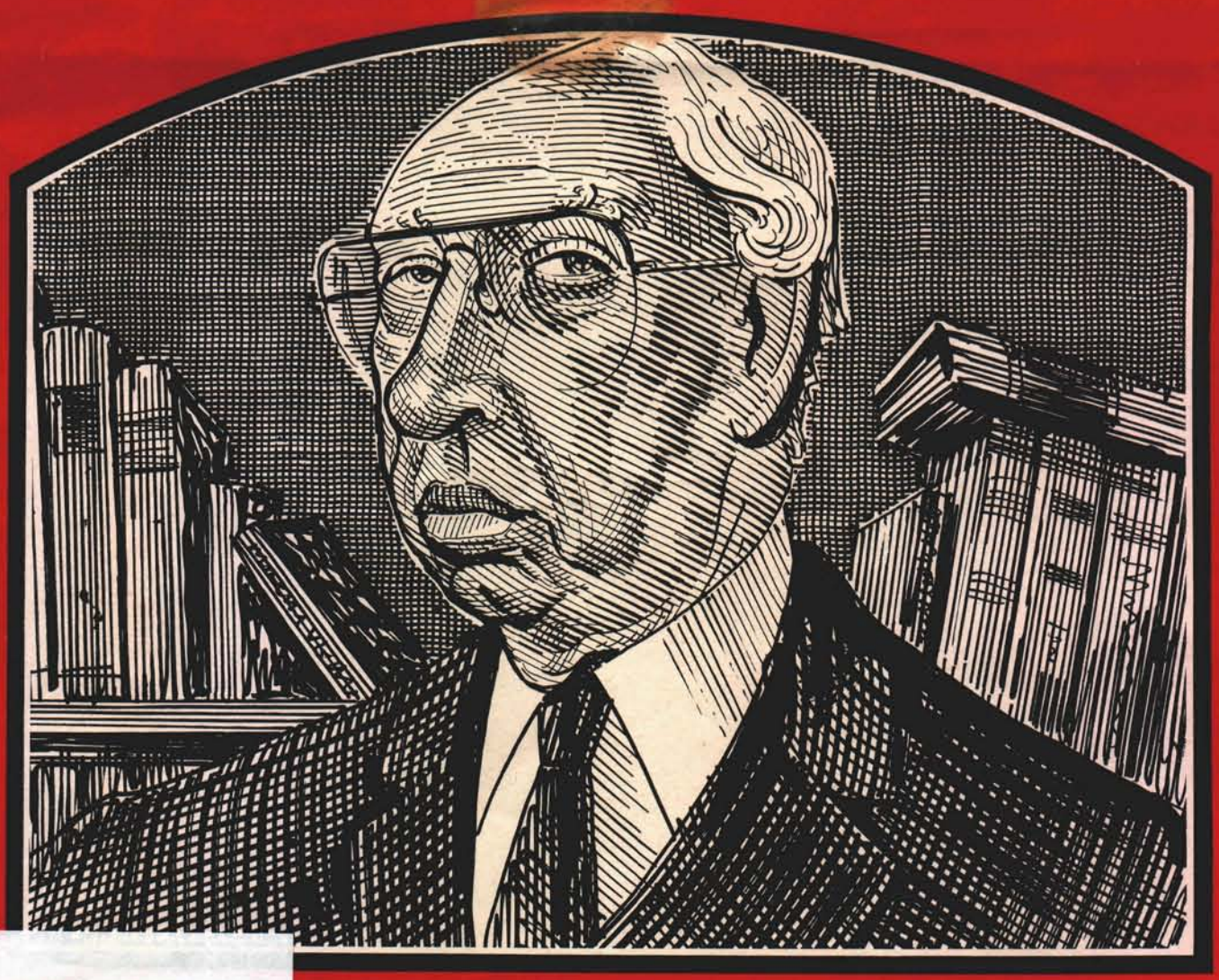

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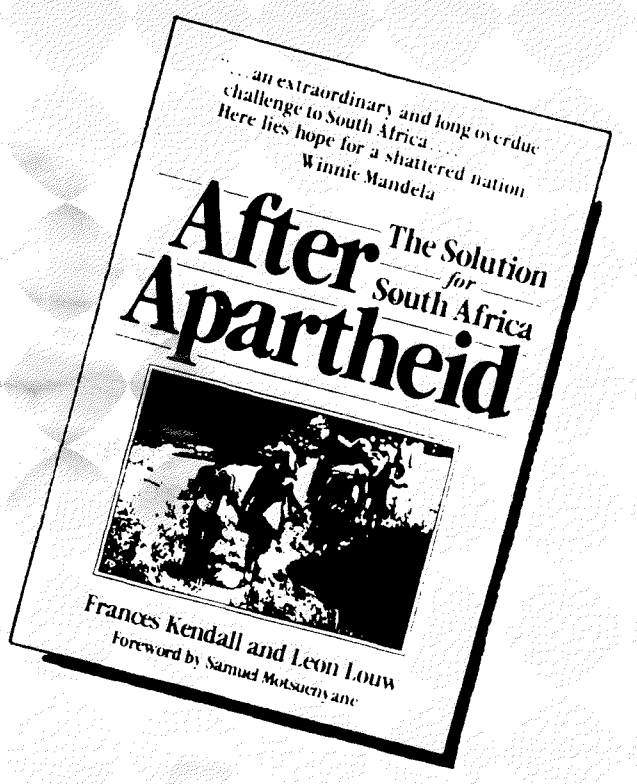
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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

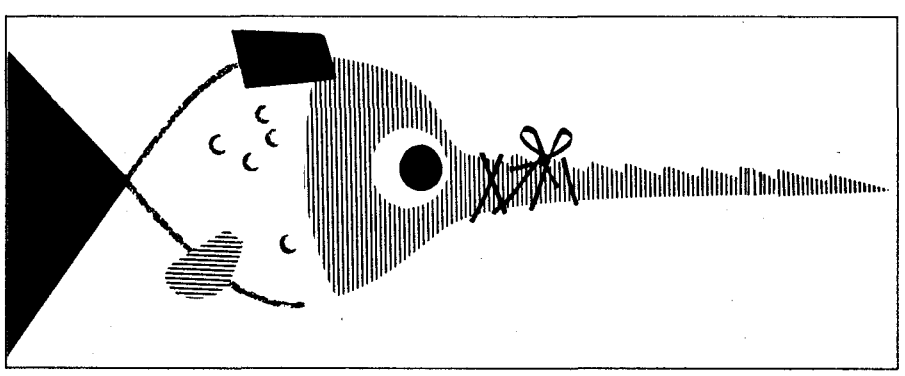
•Former senator Mr. Gary Hart, a firm believer in "reform" marriage since at least 1972, learned something about the limits of reform in May. When last seen he was in the company of his one and only wife, Lee ("Babe"), on the way to their Colorado cave. There he will resume work on a new volume of *Pensées*, sure to be an ambitious project now that publisher William Morrow has canceled plans to release *One Man's Luck*, a campaign biography of Mr. Hart, and he will certainly strive to regain the confidence of the mother of his children, who was so looking forward to sleeping alone in the White House. Senator Hart fell victim to the unwritten rules of the journalistic profession, one too timid to challenge his complex politics and so it concentrated on the rather innocent friendships he formed while on campaign. With all eyes now focused on the future of the Hart marriage, no one any longer seems to care about the future of Gary and Donna, or Gary and Debra, or Gary and the senator's wife, or Gary and Warren's leftovers. The exploitation of Miss Donna Rice is actually unprecedented. Every photograph ever taken of this Phi Beta Kappa–brained peddler of baby formula and gynecological products is plastering our nation's magazines and tabloids, she has become the butt of countless challenger and fornigate jokes, and *Newsweek* is even suggesting that her breasts were recently given over to cosmetic enhancement—not that the magazine will ever explain how Gary retains his youthful looks.

•What else gives in Democratic presidential politics? Well, there is Sen. Paul Simon, who on May 18, in Carbondale, Illinois, formally declared his candidacy for the Democratic nomination and promised to advance "the cause of peace stability on this fragile planet." While Mr. Simon boasted of not being "neo-anything," his neo-everything counterpart, the Hon. Richard Gephardt, in another protectionist move against "those who would tamper with our American heritage," has proposed legislation this time to outlaw the nasty practice of colorizing old black-and-white movies. The Hon. Gephardt is particularly sensitive to yellow skin colors, and just in time for his Iowa campaign, the Soviet scientist, Dr. Viktor Spitsin, has established that the type of wax found in people's ears can help determine their racial origin. "We have already determined that Estonians and Hungarians have more Mongoloid genes than other European peoples," Dr. Spitsin reported.

•Gunnar Myrdal is dead. Not since Tocqueville had a European practiced so much interference in the internal affairs of the United States. As I write on Memorial Day, we pay special tribute to Dr. Myrdal for his work as co-chairman of the International Commission of Inquiry Into U.S. War Crimes in Indochina and head of the Swedish Vietnam Committee, which opened its arms to American draft dodgers and deserters. Gunnar was withal a super guy who stayed ahead of the New Age on every issue having to do with peace, reform, and racial justice, not to mention sex and wine. We rejoice that his son-in-law remains the president of Harvard. In Ronda, Spain, after 18 months of excavation that nearly swallowed the town, workers buried the ashes of the late Orson Welles, who died in October 1985, and in New York City, a former Mrs. Welles, Miss Rita Hayworth, died forgetful and forgotten at age 69. She will be missed. A New York death also claimed 89-year-old actress Miss Hermione Gingold. Meanwhile, the president of Austria, Mr. Kurt Waldheim, remains alive, and at large.

•On the AIDS front, death took several eminent lives whose owners have asked to remain anonymous, all except the Hon. Stewart B. McKinney, the 56-year-old Republican congressman from Connecticut, who stayed a blowhard to the end and agreed to make limited full disclosure of the reason for his expiry. Although his widow has declined to comment on his sexual practices, she did explain that "Stewart told me that he wanted his death to focus attention on the need to find a cure for AIDS, not the causes." And former Air Force sergeant Leonard Matlovich, who was once tremendously famous owing to his unsuccessful campaign to have the Air Force come to terms with his homosexuality, announced on ABC's "Good Morning America" that he too has become an AIDS man. "It's something as a gay man I had been dealing with for the last five years, wondering when is my turn," he said. "It came."

•Another species of celebrity staged a happier comeback in May. The snail darter, whose solitary presence in the Little Tennessee River held up completion of the Tellico Dam for six years in the 1970s and led federal authorities to transplant the little fish to the nearby Hiwasee River, has won a six-month delay on construction of a bridge over the Hiwasee so that its egg-laying cycle this spring may proceed undisturbed. The legend of Comandante Ben Linder continues to grow. Shot to death by the contras in April, the Oregon native now ranks up there with Rosa Luxemburg and Salvador Allende in the leftist imagination. And thanks to Mr. Stephen Kinzer of the *New York Times*, we know a lot more about the young man's politics. On May 4, Mr. Kinzer filed this report from the spot where Mr. Linder finally bit the dust: "In the poor and backward village of El Cua . . . villagers seemed today to be unaccustomed still to thinking of the dead man as a political symbol. Instead, in more personal ways, they were mourning the loss of the only clown they ever had. As a friend packed Mr. Linder's clown costume and other personal belongings . . . a unicycle lay propped against a crude cot. Mr. Linder used to pedal it up and down El Cua's only street as delighted local children danced behind him. 'We were amazed last week when we found out the clown was a mechanical engineer,' said Alvaro Uriate, the owner of a small store on the edge of town. 'He never let on.'" The editors of *TAS* expect Mr. Kinzer to be awarded five stars in Mr. Jude Wanniski's next *Media Guide*.



•In other media news, a weekly column by the Rev. Jimmy Swaggart has been dropped by a Baton Rouge, Louisiana newspaper after it learned that major portions of his Easter Sunday offering were plagiarized from a Copley News syndicated column written by our own Gregory Fossedal. A grand jury in California's Contra Costa County has asked all BART train stations to put an end to sales of the "Spectator," a magazine said to contain sexually explicit pictures. At last check we're not related, though I can't vouch for its London ties. Arizona State University's Walter Cronkite School of Journalism and Telecommunication, in Tempe, has again failed to achieve full accreditation, and NBC has dropped "Hill Street Blues," a disgusting show replete with meaningful sex, senseless violence, and kneejerk compassion. Finally, Mr. Jimmy Breslin, a self-styled slob, has gone up-scale, switching from New York's *Daily News* to *Newsday*. Mr. Terry Teachout can now relax.

•In Washington, the contra hearings (as Robert Novak insists they be called) have become a fixture on the capital's landscape, a permanent bureaucracy if you will. Chairman Sen. Daniel Inouye is holding up remarkably under the strain, considering he was nearly blinded under the glare of TV lights during the Watergate hearings, but the performance of others has been mixed. The speaker of the Iranian parliament, Hashemi Rafsanjani, derided two of the major players as "General See-Cash" and "Ollie the Brainless," and from the Mall below Capitol Hill comes word that "Amber Waves of Grain," a 34,000-piece ceramic exhibit of the U.S. nuclear arsenal, fell victim to an unexpected round of arms control activity on late May 21 when a truck drove through the exhibit area and crushed about 1500 of the tiny warhead replicas. Senator Inouye's inquisitors presumably are checking the tread on Ollie North's snow tires.

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•The Strange New Respect award this month goes to Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski, who allowed Sen. Edward Kennedy into Poland for a four-day visit and then, on second thought, refused to meet with him. It wasn't so much that Mr. Kennedy spent all his time in Solidarity circles, nor even the fact that he risked death in Gdansk by telling a stunned crowd in fluent Polish that "I am a Pole." (*Jestem Polakiem.*) What did it is that he brought eight of those Kennedy kids with him, and the general, as the world must know, does not warm to children. Besides, what legitimacy Jaruzelski enjoys is based entirely on his claim that he's kept Poland from being invaded. There's also trouble brewing among the more cultivated Kennedys. Mr. Edwin Schlossberg has had it with the anorexic diet that his mother-in-law, Mrs. Jacqueline Onassis, has imposed on daughter Caroline. "Ed is a deep thinker and all that superficial stuff irks him," a friend confides. "Jackie is definitely of the school that you can't be too rich or too thin." Makes you kind of wonder why Mrs. Onassis hasn't become a regular at the Reagan White House. But then again, the whole Reagan era has become synonymous with missed opportunities.

•In other cultivated news, starlet Faith Ringgold has opened at the Women's Building in Los Angeles, in a one-woman show that uses words, gesture, props, and the accompaniment of Alan Nakagawa on Congo drums to describe how Miss Ringgold lost 100 lbs. Ravi Shanker returned to Berkeley's Zellerbach Hall for a concert that marked the local debut of his son, Shubho. And in San Francisco, a new opera entitled *Nixon in China* received its first public performance. It's a relief to learn that the role of Nixon is written for baritone, but so is Chou En-lai's and unlike Nixon Chou is described as "a very great man" and his aria is said to be "Lincolnian." Predictably, however, Mr. Nixon bounced back and on May 20 in Paris was installed as a foreign associate of France's illustrious Fine Arts Academy. He now occupies the chair of the late Artur Rubinstein, no mean pianist himself. Finally, a graduating senior at the University of California at Berkeley has won a $2,000 scholastic achievement award for being one of the top blind students in the nation. Now don't anyone go tell Richard Gephardt about this, but the student is . . . Korean! *—WP*

CORRESPONDENCE

The New Hart

Since there still appears to be some dispute concerning the true name of one of our current clutter of candidates—but no dispute remaining regarding his social proclivities—can we not now appropriately call him Gary Hotpants? *—Charles F. Goslee*
Flint, Michigan

Missing the Point

After reading Kent Owen's April review of "The Conservatives," a 90-minute documentary produced by Neal Freeman and shown on the national Public Broadcasting System, I thought for a moment that Michael Kinsley must be writing now for *The American Spectator* under a pseudonym or that perhaps I had mistakenly picked up a copy of the *New Republic*. Alas, I am informed by a friend at your magazine that there is indeed a Mr. Kent Owen and that he did review "The Conservatives" for the *Spectator*. I expect to find this kind of snide and disparaging attack on traditional conservatives in the pages of the *New Republic* where the trendy neoliberals hang out (Fred Barnes excepted). But it disappoints me to find such a shallow and confusing piece of journalism in one of my favorite magazines, written by someone who clearly doesn't understand the origins of the modern conservative political and intellectual movement in America. And someone like Mr. Owen who has no sense of how and why we conservatives got where we are today obviously has no business reviewing a film produced by a man who has been intimately associated with that conservative movement since the late 1950s. I speak as one who dates his own involvement in the conservative movement to my freshman year at Georgetown University in 1961 and who is very grateful to Neal Freeman and all those responsible for "The Conservatives."

Maybe Mr. Owen didn't see the same film that I did, but "The Conservatives" to me evoked many warm feelings about that long struggle to take a movement, once considered virtually an outlaw in our own society, and turn it into a major political and intellectual force in America. Along the way, the conservatives emerged from outsiders at the 1960 Republican national convention where Richard Nixon was the party's nominee, to a position of strength four years later when we nominated one of our own, Barry Goldwater, and subsequently elected a conservative to the White House in 1980 with the ascendancy of Ronald Reagan to the presidency.

It is very easy today, now that conservatism has become acceptable in the wake of the election of a conservative President, to forget how difficult it was in the 1950s and 1960s to dissent from liberal orthodoxy in society at large and even within the Republican party. I still remember that one year before I enrolled at Georgetown in 1961 William Buckley had been banned from speaking at the university because his views were considered too radical.

When Buckley was permitted to speak on the Georgetown campus one year later, he spoke to a packed house at the largest auditorium at the university. Mr. Owen shows his ignorance of conservative intellectual thought during those early years (the 1950s and the 1960s) by failing to acknowledge the central role played by Bill Buckley and the *National Review* crowd (Willmoore Kendall, James Burnham, Brent Bozell, Frank Meyer, and others) in providing the intellectual firepower for the conservative political movement. With all due respect to Mr. Owen, the "neoconservatives" had little, if anything, to do with this ongoing effort. In fact, most of the neoconservatives still considered themselves during the 1960s to be liberal Democrats, although to their credit they were anti-Communist in contrast to most of their fellow liberals.

It is great to have the neoconservatives and New Right as part of the conservative movement in the 1980s, but it is easy to forget that it was the Old Right (pure and simple conservatism) which has brought us as far as we have come as conservatives. It was their ability as political leaders, first, Barry Goldwater and then his successor, Ronald Reagan, to tap the conservative political instincts of the majority of Americans that moved the Republican party and the nation to the right. It was Buckley and the *National Review* crowd that provided the intellectual underpinnings of that political movement while *Human Events* gave conservatism its populist shape.

Finally, I cannot resist responding to Mr. Owen's thinly veiled contempt for Cliff White and those "political operatives, publicists, and activists" who took over the Republican party from Nelson Rockefeller and the Eastern Establishment. Clearly those Mr. Owen would classify as "political hacks" were enormously successful in capturing the Republican party. But Mr. Owen exhibits his elitist perspective in looking down with disdain on these activists whom he chastises for being everything from single issue-obsessed ideologues to zealots and bigots.

Mr. Owen reminds me of those Ivy League technocrats (the "Best and the Brightest" breed) who swarm around any new presidential administration like bees to honey while looking down with barely disguised contempt at the "political hacks" who help make victory possible. The "pols" are OK when it comes to working in that dirty business of elections; but, when the election is over, they should leave the governing to the experts, men like David Stockman, George Shultz, Cy Vance, Henry Kissinger, McGeorge Bundy, Joe Califano, Robert McNamara, and their ilk. What nonsense! It's those experts and technocrats, not the political activists, who have gotten this country in the mess it is in today.

What Bill Buckley said back on the campus of Georgetown University in the early 1960s—that he would rather be governed by the first few thousand names in the Boston phone book than the two thousand members of the Harvard University faculty—makes even more sense today.

Mr. Owen's pseudo-intellectual attack on "The Conservatives" might win him a guest lecture appearance at the Ivy League University of his choice, but it does nothing except confuse anyone seeking a real understanding of how and why conservatives got where we are today in American society. For that one should see Neal Freeman's excellent documentary, "The Conservatives."

—Thomas W. Pauken
Dallas, Texas

Kent Owen replies:

Mr. Thomas W. Pauken interprets my essay on "The Conservatives" as a "pseudo-intellectual attack" on American conservatism. On the contrary, my intention was to criticize the program's scope and emphasis so that what I take to be traditional, historical, non-ideological conservatism could be accurately presented and understood. Writers who examine general ideas must make distinctions, and such distinctions, if well drawn, reveal telling differences in values, attitudes, and actions. From this standpoint, it's a sign of good health that what is now broadly described as conservatism can accommodate diversity and dissent

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EDITORIALS

WILLIAM J. CASEY, RIP

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

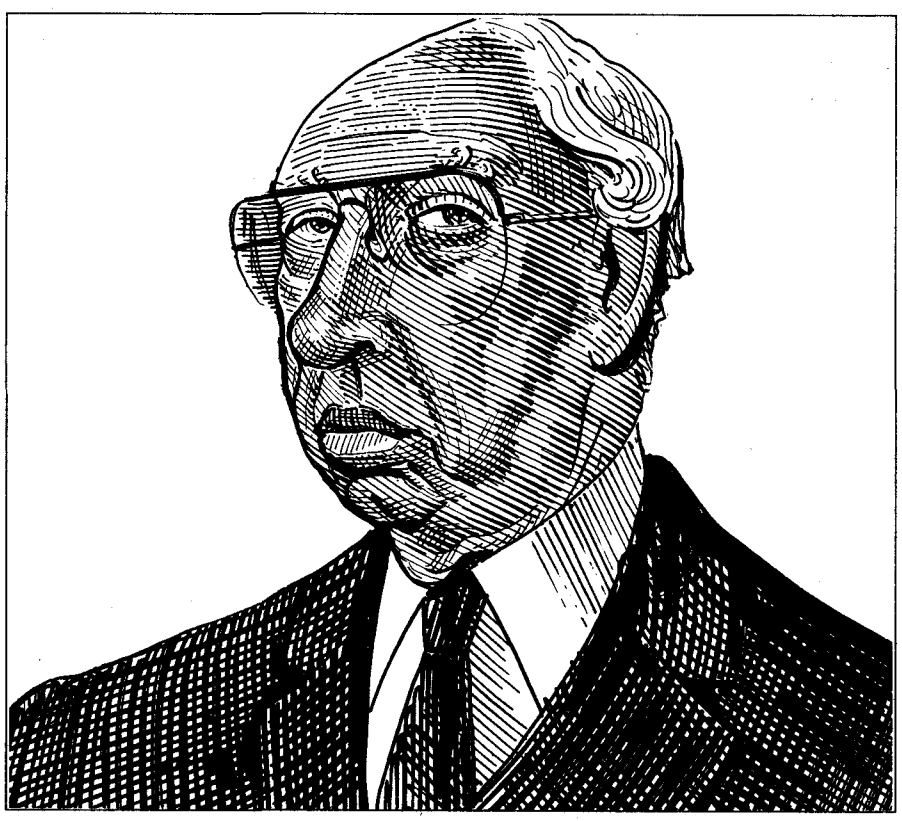
New York

What will become of Bill Casey's books? At his mansion here on Long Island friends filed past his coffin and then into the enormous rooms lined with thousands of books stacked to the ceilings, perhaps fifteen feet up. Casey lived in a library adorned with the mementoes and laurels that betoken the life of a great public man. But this former Director of Central Intelligence, who died May 6, was like no other public man today. In a remote corner of his enclosed porch looking out on Long Island Sound stands a card catalogue made of wood and equal to those that might be found in a county library. Bill Casey was one of the best read men in modern American government. He was gruff and blunt, but he had an exquisite mind illuminated and ennobled by these walls of philosophy, literature, history, finance, economics, and more. Now there will be books about him. He was a great man.

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

Crossing Paris's Pont Neuf several years ago, one of Britain's finest journalists, Frank Johnson, asked me why no American statesmen today could match the sagacity and character of the magnificent generation that guided us through World War II. I told him we had one left, the man who had directed Ronald Reagan's 1980 campaign, stocked the Reagan Administration with most of its best young talent, rebuilt the CIA, and sustained some of the Administration's soundest policies, Bill Casey. Like a Churchill or a de Gaulle, Casey had saved his greatest feats for late in life. His long career of public service extended from the confident premises and supreme deeds of World War II to our own days of mediocrity and uncertainty.

Casey recognized the deterioration. He knew that by answering Ronald Reagan's call all the esteem that had accrued from a long and honorable life was being placed at risk. He would not have been surprised that at his funeral mass in the presence of his grieving friends and family an obtuse Catholic prelate would rebuke him for adhering to the same values that saved the West from Nazism in the 1940s and have thwarted Communism ever since. The bishop had deluded himself into believing that he was serving his Christian duty, though his ethics might astonish a pagan. Over the expressed wishes of the Casey family he had invited himself to speak!



Casey's was "the greatest U.S. intelligence career," according to William Safire, and generations of spooks from here and abroad paid Casey their respects. But dozens of other professions were represented, too. The scope of Casey's interests was as vast as his library.

During World War II William Donovan, head of our fledgling intelligence service, spotted Casey's mix of strategic and tactical acumen and made him a global trouble shooter. The two understood that in the struggle against aggressive totalitarianism wars would henceforth be fought without battlefields or even declarations of war. The combatants would attempt to penetrate populations with agents of influence, disinformation, psychological manipulation, and other forms of subversion. None of the diverse aspects of twentieth-century war escaped Casey's considerations. Nor did matters of strategy. That is why he was so tireless in his approaches to Iran. And another point: Casey was indefatigable. He was one of the greatest scrappers I have ever known.

After the war Casey made a fortune as a lawyer and venture capitalist. Then his zest for action lured him to politics, not to the campaigns of idiot jingles and blow-dried beauty but the serious stuff. Suggestive of his depth was his life-long participation in refugee relief. There are never many votes in that sort of work. Nor was there easy applause for aiding anti-Communists in Afghanistan, Africa, and Central America. Yet Casey persevered to protect American freedom and to assure that in the years to come there would be fewer refugees. He has been criticized for poor relations with Congress, which is a disingenuous way of saying that he would not capitulate to legislative usurpation of foreign policy and to inferior minds. He defended the interests of the Western democracies today as he did in World War II. It is a fight that liberals and conservatives once shared.

With the rolling gait and cocky demeanor of a man half his age he became Ronald Reagan's wisest adviser. Since cancer of the brain felled him in December, those who cannot face the totalitarian challenge have charged him with low deeds and violating the law in directing aid to the Nicaraguan freedom fighters. Casey was too bright a lawyer to break the law, even such a platypus of a law as the Boland Amendment. Just before he entered the hospital, we met in a crowded room. "I'm as clean as a hound's tooth," he growled. I wish he would growl at me just one more time. I didn't know the great man was dying. □

MAGGIE WILL WIN

London

Prime Minister Thatcher had hardly ended her call for elections than I was on wing to this sceptered isle to collect samplings for my zoological studies of the political animal. I wanted to see how political conditions here might vary from those in our own great Republic. Much to my surprise political conditions here are very similar to those in America. Even Prince Charles's errancies in the wilds are about what one would expect from an American prince—you do remember JFK, Jr.'s peregrination into the Himalayas or Ulan Bator or wherever he went a few years back, pursuant to nature's call. But more on Anglo royalty in due course.

A year back, all our informed sources were telling us that Mrs.

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Thatcher and her Conservative party had had it. All that remained for her burial was for her "to go to the country," as they say here. The electorate would serve as her pallbearers. In would come the winsome Mr. Neil Kinnock with his caring, humane, and now "sensible" Labour party. Britain would be its old self again, and the economy would . . . well, the economy would remain humane and wretched. Mr. Kinnock has no new solutions to unemployment, inflation, and low productivity. He did seem to be able to keep the zanies in his party out of public view, however, and that is essential for left-of-center parties, as we shall see.

Today Mrs. Thatcher's Conservatives are about as far ahead in the polls as they were behind last year. Though 3,663 miles across the sea, Britain's fundamental political condition is at one with ours. So similar are political conditions here that I can safely predict not only a Conservative victory in Britain but a 1988 Republican victory in America. The reason is that the electorate in the major democracies of the West recognize a zany when they see one. Once the left-of-center exotics on both sides of the Atlantic have a chance to present their whoop-whoop to the electorate, the majority flees to the right. Mr. Kinnock's prospects for victory slipped the minute his campaign began. Our Democrats may now look like winners against the Republicans in 1988, but their prospects for victory will wilt the instant their convention is broadcast into the cozy homes of America. Nowadays, conservatives' best campaigners are their opponents.

That is what has happened here, where Mrs. Thatcher is anywhere from 9 to 14 polling points ahead. And that is what has been happening in America during the eighties. Here as the British campaign approached, the sober sonorities of Labour's Mr. Kinnock were drowned out by his zanies' harsher calls for unilateralism, increased taxes, minority rights, and desiderata the American reader will deem unbelievable.

Another similarity between politics here and in America is that, though conservatives seem to have governed each country tolerably well, the elites in media and the universities are completely unaware of the good news and actually live in morbid contemplation of social and economic calamities as yet unborn. In America, where economic growth continues and a "new spirit" of patriotism prevails among hoi polloi, our elites continue to prophesy economic disaster and nuclear holocaust as they feverishly uncover one suffering sector of American society after another—not one of which anyone seems able to relieve. In Britain, where economic rejuvenation under Mrs. Thatcher has been less robust, her free enterprise policies are beginning to fulfill their promise. Britain has the hottest economy in Europe, with a growth rate which is now even above that of the United States or Japan. Nonetheless, over here too the elites see only gloom. The intellectual establishment bewails Mrs. Thatcher's heartlessness in terms reminiscent of those we have heard applied to our own Ronald Reagan.

Thus on both sides of the Atlantic

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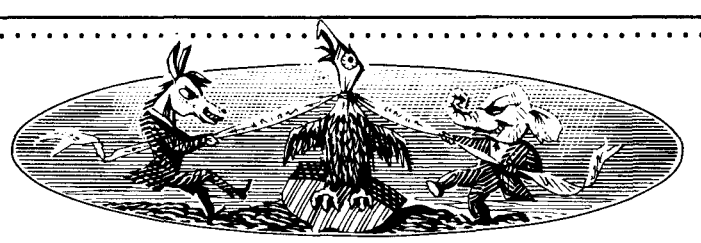
CAPITOL IDEAS



CHUMPS AND CHARLEYS

by Tom Bethell

The principal difference between Democrats and Republicans seems to be this: The Democrats don't understand government but they do understand politics; the Republicans understand neither. Maybe I should say Establishment Republicans or Wall Street Republicans or Country Club Republicans, but I won't because the great disappointment of the Reagan years has been that a transfer of power within the party seemed possible but never happened: the Country Clubbers remained firmly in control (thanks largely to Reagan himself).

Democrats think government is an institution that is meant to take sides, helping some people at the expense of others. Republicans say "me too" to that, but they have a different set of beneficiaries in mind. First the Democrats help the poor people, or try to. Then the Republicans help rich people —or businessmen, or the existing business community. Government is something the two parties are supposed to take turns at, like teams at bat. The Democrats help their friends and then the Republicans help theirs. Your average Establishment Republican just can't conceive of government as a neutral enterprise, with a role analogous to that of the referee in football. The Democrat can't either but then by his lights, and by the lights of the income transfer programs that were started in the 1930s, government is supposed to be a team player, not a referee.

Accepting the Democrats' rules of the game (the ref plays for one of the teams), Republicans labor under a grave handicap. Whereas the Democrats graciously play for the losing side, the Republicans find themselves stuck with the winners. To him that hath shall be given! The Country Club Republican new to Washington soon begins to have doubts about his own moral legitimacy. He sees the hearts and minds contest this way: The Democratic party, to give credit where it's due, consists of non-needy politicians (like Ted Kennedy) valiantly helping needy people; there is something disinterested in their actions. Whereas look at us (the Republican continues): non-needy politicians helping non-needy people. He looks in the mirror in the morning . . . Guilty as charged! "You're just looking out for your buddies," he catches himself thinking. "Not like Cranston and Biden and Kerry and the rest."

He worries that he's in Washington on sufferance, or because there's a need for a minority party. Morally, he assumes a defensive crouch. Even if his party is in the majority he still thinks of himself as the "loyal opposition." He's uneasy because he never rises much above thinking that the business of America is business, therefore the business of government is business. It wouldn't be so good for the country if government *only* helped poor people and minorities. (Would it?) Remember, he doesn't get honors and laurels the way the Democrats do—being called compassionate for spending other people's money.

Conciliation becomes the order of the day. Our friend tries to be ingratiating, talking about the need for bipartisan consensus, a responsible tax increase before recess, an "expansion" of civil rights immediately. He's careful to say "he or she" whenever appropriate (wouldn't want the little lady to accuse him of sexism). He becomes convinced of the need for more bilingual education funding. And still the *Washington Post* won't let up. More and more of his friends at Chumps and Charleys, the club for Republican Businessmen in Government that he joined, seem to be getting into trouble on "ethics." (Probably nothing much to it other than trying to make an honest buck, but of course you daren't say that because you'll be next to get the treatment.)

Next thing there is to be this commission of inquiry. "Another Watergate," everyone seems to be saying. Hunker down, our man instinctively thinks. Get the best lawyers and see if we can't plea bargain. "Let's make it bipartisan," he says at Chumps one night. "We'll call for a special prosecutor and when it comes to the televised hearings at least some of us will be up there among the accusers, looking respectable. Something will be salvaged. At least the American people won't think we're all crooks."

As a party, Republicans tend to have so little sense of legitimacy or conviction about their policies that they often believe the only way they can be implemented is secretly, in the dead of night. That is what I mean when I say that Republicans don't understand politics. What looks so bad about the details coming out in the Iran-contra hearings is not so much the substance

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of policy as the furtive, guilt-ridden way it was carried out; bagmen and Swiss bank accounts and so on. Now, at last, President Reagan says that he did too have permission to send money to the contras. In which case why wasn't the money transferred openly, in full view of the media? (And why didn't Reagan tell us this six months ago, if that is what he thought?)

According to the "new morality," a cardinal virtue of our times is "openness." It is hopeless to argue with this or try to do anything about it. Almost everything connected with government is expected to be open to public scrutiny. For those who don't understand or try to resist, politics becomes impossible. Openness means making the news media work for you; secrecy means having them come after you. Republicans might as well get used to this idea because it's not going away. More to the point, it's not a bad idea. It is a natural aspect of democracy and free markets. And as Gary Hart recently discovered, it is expanding—becoming applicable to more and more facets of public life. If the Republicans only knew it they could take this idea and make it work for them. But first they must acquire a sense of the rightness and legitimacy of their own policies. Armed with this self-confidence, they can fearlessly take their ideas to the TV cameras and thence to the nation. Further, they can be confident that a vote lost in the Senate or the House on Monday will only advance their standing with the public on Tuesday.

Instead of fiddling about with gifts from Saudi Arabia and transfers from the Sultan of Brunei, Reagan should have *welcomed* the various Boland Amendments (preventing U.S. taxpayer transfers to the contras). What an opportunity to make the Democrats look bad! Use the Boland Amendment itself as a platform from which to address the American people, educate the American people, and excoriate the Democrats for their inability to grasp the Communist threat in this hemisphere. And promise—*promise*!—that the contras won't get one cent of help until the Boland Amendment is lifted and the Democrats decide it is time to get serious about Communism and help our neighbors to the south.

The overriding political principle is that winning or losing any particular vote in Congress is less important than using that vote to illuminate party differences. *That* is politics. Unfortunately, the key opponent of such a strategy in the Reagan Administration has been Ronald Reagan himself.

In his "Memorandum for the President," published in *Newsweek* after leaving the White House, Pat Buchanan wrote: "If—as you have more than once reminded me—the problem with True Believers is that they always want to 'go over the cliff with flags flying,' the problem with Establishment Republicans is that they abhor the unseemliness of a political brawl. But that is what great political revolutions like Andy Jackson's and FDR's are all about."

Buchanan here represents the problem as excessive Republican decorum. Perhaps this comes down to the same thing as insufficient self-confidence. In any event, Reagan's "over the cliff" metaphor points up what has all along been his great weakness—his timidity and his unwillingness to risk his own political capital. The cliff metaphor tries to make a virtue of this defect by misrepresenting the real world of politics: If you go over a cliff, you do indeed die. But if you lose a vote in the legislature, you can emerge all the stronger from it—as Reagan himself did recently, to give him his due, in his overridden veto of the pork-laden highway bill. Likewise it is true that Reagan did finally embrace inter-party conflict in pushing for contra-funding, and he won. But he left it until 1986—about four years too late. By then the damage was done.

Republicans must believe they will triumph in the conflict that results

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from adherence to principle. But first they must believe in their own principles and believe they are important enough to fight for. "Did you say principle, or principal?" I can almost hear Bob Dole joking at Chumps. "Perhaps you meant interest."

I said earlier that the Republicans, like the Democrats, believe in government-as-player rather than government-as-umpire. This is where change is needed. It is also where the campaign for the 1988 Republican nomination comes in. Republicans must establish that they, and they alone, are defenders of the rule of law and the equal application of the laws. The problem they face, of course, is that "government" now means a trillion-dollar pot of taxpayers' funds in Washington, from which 535 legislators are entitled to siphon off benefits for their constituents. My friend and Hoover neighbor Mikhail Bernstam points out that as long as this common pool exists, politicians who high-mindedly decline to extract their share (or better, more than their share) are bound to be penalized by the voters.

This may very well be true. And fear of recipient wrath seems to be a basic tenet of Rep. Jack Kemp's campaign. (Not a member of Chumps, I hasten to add.) Anyone who talks about cutting programs will be demagogued to death, Kemp's people fear. And they may be right. Irving Kristol, a Kemp supporter and unofficial adviser, has even suggested in the *Wall Street Journal* that since the money is going to be spent anyway the Republicans might as well spend more rather than less and take credit for "compassion." I'm not sure I agree, however. Something must be done about the budgetary common-pool problem (the congressman who forgoes benefits for his constituents merely leaves more for everyone else), and the ever-rising tide of government spending it generates. In particular, this problem is appropriate for a presidential candidate to address: A congressman can hardly decline to extract benefits from the common pool. But a President can recommend that the entire pool be reduced.

In 1980 the supply-siders understood that taxation was *the* problem and that spending was far inferior to it in the hierarchy of problems. (They came in for much criticism from liberals, libertarians, *and* conservatives for this great insight.) Now I worry that the same insight may no longer apply, yet Kemp and his supply-side team will be sticking to the 1980 play book. Kemp is good on almost all issues; but about government spending I'm not so sure. Gov. Pete du Pont is calling for the abolition of farm subsidies and privatizing Social Security. He may be premature about the latter (although I believe Social Security will eventually have to be phased out). But can it really be unwise to campaign for changes that are just and that more and more people recognize as just? Alas, it could be. Kemp, Kristol & Co. may indeed be correct; the demagoguery facing the program-cutter is fatal; to be avoided as a first priority. It could also be that du Pont is the true candidate of new ideas.

In any event, it is extremely important that control of the Republican party finally be wrested from the Country Clubbers who have taken up residence in Washington. I don't know about you, but I really am looking forward to a Republican President who doesn't go on vacation to Palm Springs. All of which brings me to Vice President George Bush and Senator Bob Dole and their high standing in the polls. The Republican party is going to have to do better than this if it is to become the party of principle, not interest—eager to take its case to the people rather than tiptoeing around the congressional obstacle course. But I see I am out of space. I shall have to continue my ruminations on the GOP next month. □

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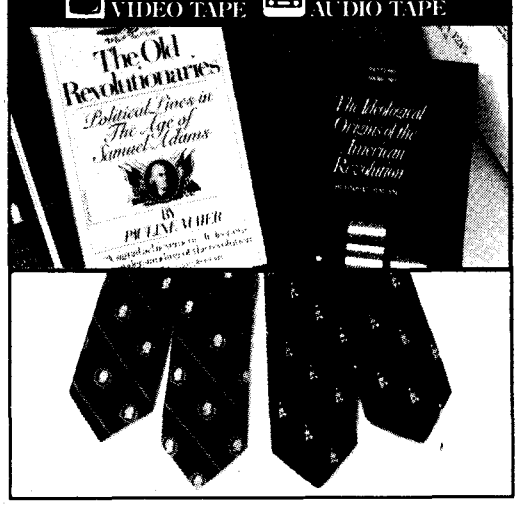
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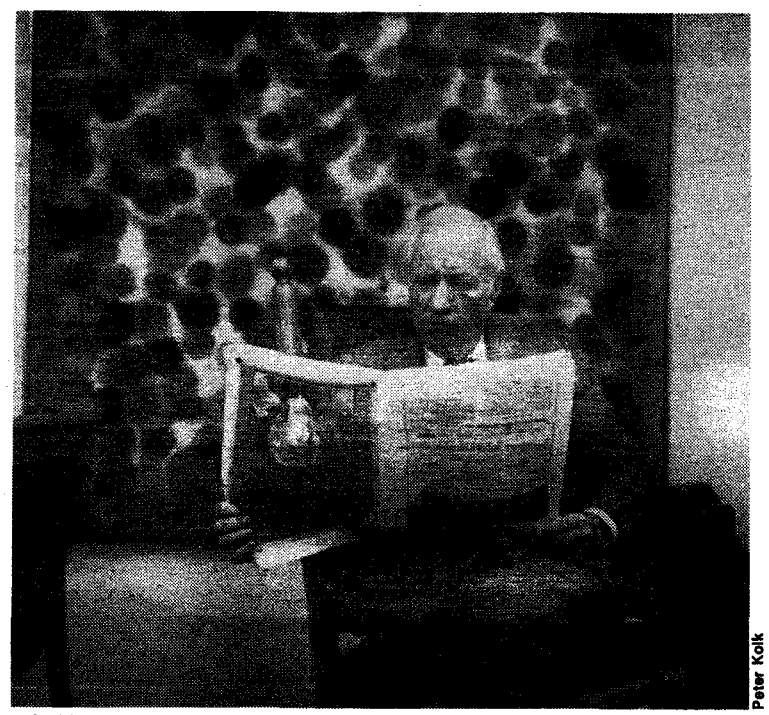

Peter Kolk

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Jeremy Rabkin

CONSTITUTIONAL CONTRAS

How to account for the brazenness of the Boland Amendment's backers.

Chutzpah, according to the old joke, is the character of the fellow who kills his parents and then pleads for mercy as an orphan. *Chutzpah*, in other words, is a singular kind of impudence, displayed only by the unusually shameless. Yiddish has no word for mass brazenness, perhaps because it was the folk language of people too pious to contemplate the phenomenon. Fortunately modern English has a word to cover this all too common phenomenon of our time. The word is ideology.

New York Times columnist Anthony Lewis thinks the Reagan Administration disregarded existing legal constraints when it organized private funding for the Nicaraguan resistance movement. When Lewis denounces this policy as "an attempted constitutional coup d'état"—after publishing hundreds of columns celebrating the courage of activist judges for disregarding existing law in other areas—this might be described as *chutzpah*. When large contingents in Congress and larger numbers of political activists around the country take the same line—or rather the same contradictory lines—*chutzpah* doesn't quite cover the phenomenon.

Only the intoxications of ideology can explain such mass brazenness. As it happens, "ideology" is one of Anthony Lewis's favorite sneer words against the "radical right." But the word is still a good one, where it fits. Ideology allows people to discern obscure or disputable "facts" with privileged clarity—by blinding them to the whole array of other facts that leave other people so much more hesitant about the truth.

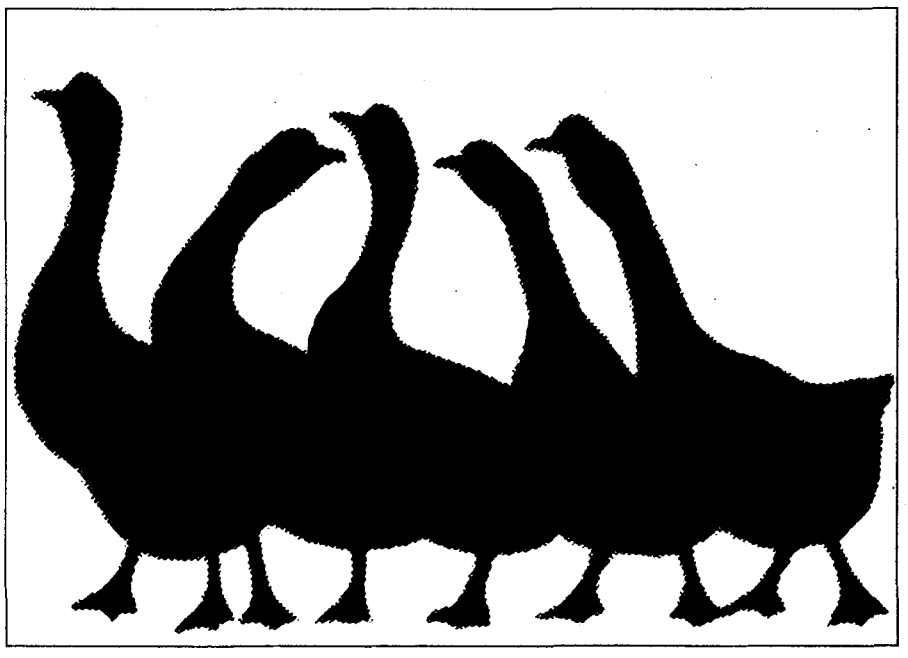
In the real world, it may take many months to sort out the legalities of what Colonel North and his colleagues actually did. It may actually take years. The principal charge seems to be that by organizing private American donors and foreign governments to contribute funds to the contras—or by diverting funds received from the Iranian weapons sales—White House officials violated the so-called Boland Amendment, which prohibited the expenditure of U.S. government funds in this cause. If interpreted narrowly, the Boland Amendment might be read as simply prohibiting the direct transmission of funds from the federal treasury to the contras—in which case, no one could be charged with violating the law because this was never done.

Rep. Boland, however, like many other partisan critics of the Reagan Administration, thinks his amendment should be interpreted more broadly and that, under a broader reading, it did prohibit the indirect funding maneuvers organized by White House staffers. All the charges of illegality—not to say the hysterical talk about a "constitutional coup d'état"—turn on questions of interpretation. Must statutes be interpreted to mean what their leading congressional sponsors thought they meant? Should doubts be resolved in favor of broad and generous constructions or in favor of narrow and literal constructions?

In general, there are plausible theories and plausible arguments justifying a number of different approaches to statutory construction. But one thing is certain. The "intent" of the enacting Congress is not the only approach adopted by federal courts today, nor the approach most favored by our leading liberal legal scholars. And this is not esoteric legal lore but a dominant fact of our time, known to every casual reader of the editorial pages of the daily press.

Over the past twenty years, for example, there has been an ongoing national debate over the proper construction of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, a debate that has been pressed with particular vigor by the Reagan Justice Department. The Justice Department has repeatedly argued in court that when Congress prohibited "discrimination on the basis of race" it meant what it said and that it meant this to apply to discrimination against whites as well as discrimination against blacks. The congressional sponsors of this historic legislation swore up and down during the legislative debates that this law would not lead to racial quotas or preferential treatment for racial minorities. On the contrary, they insisted, the law would prohibit such practices. And to reassure the doubters, the sponsors of the Civil Rights Act inserted a variety of explicit assurances to this effect.

But as everyone now knows, the Supreme Court has repeatedly interpreted this law to permit the exact quota policies its sponsors claimed they were prohibiting. Justices Brennan and Marshall have claimed in several opinions that the legislative history of the 1964 Civil Rights Act is really not so clear regarding congressional intent—a claim which is not easy to swallow after a fair reading of the debates. With more candor, Justice Blackmun, confessing his "misgivings . . . concerning the extent to which the legislative history" of the Civil Rights Act could actually "support" the Court's endorsement of preferential treatment of minorities, still argued in the 1979 *Weber* case that "additional considerations, practical and equitable, only partially perceived if at all, by the [1964] Congress, support the conclusion" against the words of the statute and in favor of benign racial quotas.[1] →



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[1]This reasoning echoes the frequently advanced argument that creative construction is more appropriate for older statutes, enacted under circumstances no longer obtaining, than for recent enactments, reflecting the up-to-date response of a recently elected Congress. But courts have often taken this liberty with relatively recent statutes, as well. And if changing circumstances or changing congressional attitudes are the touchstone of deference, the Boland Amendment was threatened with obsolescence the day it was enacted. Having voted funding for the contras in the past, Congress narrowly enacted the Boland funding restriction and then, only a year later—as White House officials had anticipated—decided that Sandinista intransigence and contra prospects justified direct military aid to the Nicaraguan rebels, after all.

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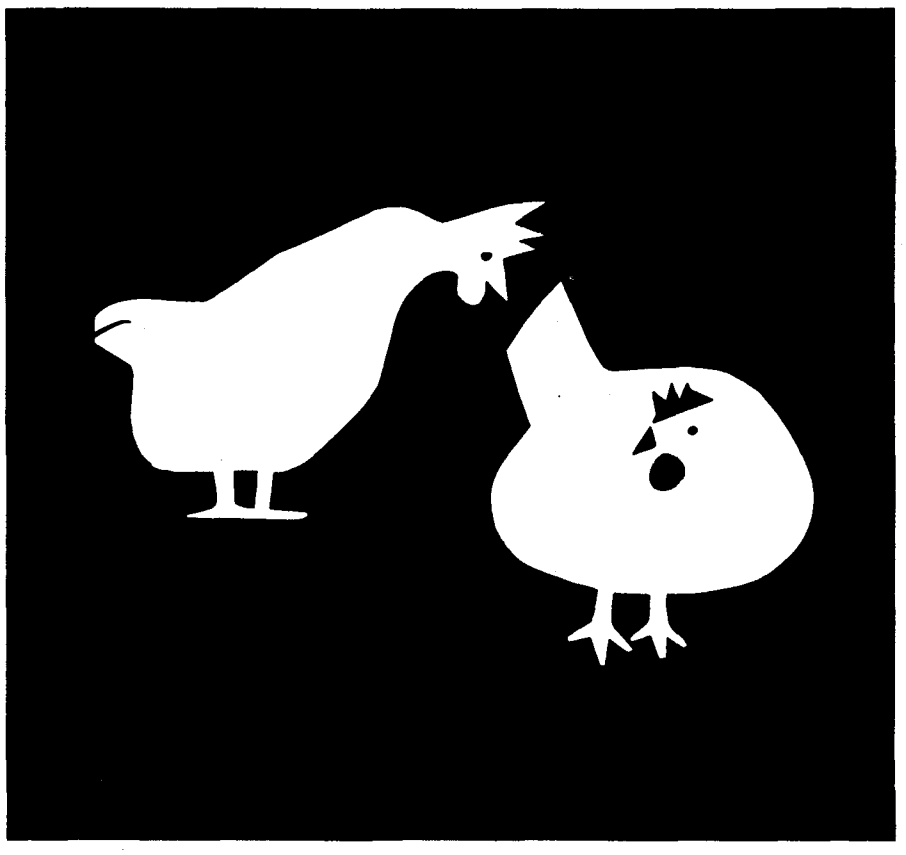
Whether the Court's approach to the Civil Rights Act was appropriate or not, it was certainly not universally denounced. Indeed, the same voices now condemning the Reagan Administration for disregarding the Boland Amendment have been among the loudest in decrying its efforts to reassert the original congressional intent behind the Civil Rights Act. In mid-May, for example, the *New York Times*—beneath its 37th (or perhaps its 73rd) indignant denunciation of the Reagan Administration for "illegally" aiding the contras—ran an editorial applauding the Court's affirmative action decisions and rebuking Reagan appointees for criticizing these decisions: Unlike the critics, the *Times* noted, "the Court does not pretend that the 1964 law created the world anew and with complete equality." But somehow the *Times* does seem to think the Boland Amendment "created the world anew" and "with complete" security for congressional posturing—and denounces the idea that "the Boland Amendment was as complex or vague as most of its violators claim."

Contemporary civil rights cases also offer dramatic instances of that other bugbear of the "contragate" critics—the use of private agents to get around express legislative prohibitions on particular actions by government officials. Only last year, in *International Association of Firefighters* v. *City of Cleveland*, the Court ruled that federal courts could enforce affirmative action quotas notwithstanding an express prohibition in the Civil Rights Act, stipulating that "no order of the court shall require . . . the hiring, reinstatement or promotion of an individual . . . if such individual was refused employment or advancement . . . for any reason other than discrimination on account of race." But a majority of the Court ruled that if an employer—even a public employer like a city fire department—negotiates such an open-ended "remedial" quota scheme in response to a discrimination suit, a court may then give binding force to such an agreement and subsequently enforce its terms because it is not, in origin, an "order of the court."

The same pattern of creative reconstruction of statutes—and large-scale delegation of public authority to private actors to evade constraints on public officials—is quite evident in many other fields of contemporary law. Take the Administrative Procedure Act of 1946, which makes administrative agencies responsible for their own legal and policy decisions, except where a private challenger can show that an agency policy has deprived him of some recognized legal right. In the past two decades, the meaning of this fundamental statute has been entirely transformed by judicial action, in order to allow challenges to administrative policies by "public interest" organizations—meaning private advocates—like the Nader enterprises. A 1970 Supreme Court decision reinterpreting the statute to this effect was so much at odds with the actual words of the act, and so much at variance with its legislative history, that Justice Scalia (before his elevation to the federal bench) once described the Court's ruling as "statucide."

What often happens in "public interest" litigation is that the challenged government agency negotiates a "settlement" of the suit with "public interest" advocates out of court—and out of the public eye. The resulting new policy is made public—as the continuing efforts of the contras were public knowledge—but the negotiations are usually conducted in secret, making it difficult for outsiders to determine whether officials fought hard against the agenda of the public interest lawyers involved or cheerfully agreed to bind themselves to whatever these private advocates urged. At any rate, a number of federal courts have ruled that the resulting agreement is binding on the agency, even where the statute leaves it a larger range of discretion, so that public policy can indeed be fixed in secret negotiations with private parties. Particular favored private groups therefore get to determine the extent to which other citizens will be coerced by the government. If indirect funding of the contras was a "private foreign policy," this surely is private domestic policy.

If interpreted narrowly, the Boland Amendment might be read as simply prohibiting the direct transmission of funds from the federal treasury to the contras—in which case no one could be charged with violating the law because this was never done.



But few of those up in arms about the "attempted constitutional coup d'état" in the "contragate scandal" seem to be at all troubled by this ongoing distortion of constitutional forms. In domestic policy, liberals seem to take it for granted that the public government of Ronald Reagan should be reenforced by private adjuncts like the Natural Resources Defense Council or the NAACP or the Nader enterprises—and all the better if regulatory agencies negotiate agreements with these private advocates under judicial rather than White House sanction.

Why is contemporary liberal opinion so complacent about such practices when sanctioned by courts and so inflamed about parallel practices when adopted by White House officials? Beyond the partisan maneuvering in the present controversy, I think there is a deeper ideological compulsion at work. A great many people have persuaded themselves that, even where judges stray very far from the letter of the law or the most probable meaning of the law, they are not favoring one group over another but rather observing a higher impartiality and a higher principle. See almost any one of the writings of Ronald Dworkin or Laurence Tribe from the past decade for examples of this outlook at work. For such people, the fact that judges are not answerable for the consequences of their decisions makes them uniquely fit to translate law into higher "principles."

Even in this era of judicial activism, however, courts have not dared to subject foreign policy to their own elevated conceptions of law or principle. The Supreme Court has consistently refused to decide constitutional challenges to the exercise of presidential war powers or treaty powers. In statutory cases—such as the "Iranian Assets case," questioning the legal authority of President Carter to consign the financial claims of American companies to a jerry-rigged "international tribunal"—the Court has always shown great deference to executive interpretation of "the law," even when it seems rather strained. In other words, even the contemporary Supreme Court has implicitly acknowledged that it would be futile and absurd to try to conduct foreign policy in accord with judicial principles and judicial conceptions of impartiality.

But that is, at bottom, what the current fuss about the Boland Amendment is about. Of course, Congress has the ultimate power to end any American military commitment it really wants to end—just as it imposed an abrupt end to American military involvement in Southeast Asia in 1974. No President can ever sustain a military venture that has been resolutely rejected by Congress. The question is how the executive must interpret temporary legislative enactments when Congress itself is uncertain and ambivalent about larger policy directions. The insistence that the Reagan Administration did something terribly wrong in not honoring the Boland Amendment to the letter—or rather, in not honoring its animating spirit—is finally an insistence that foreign policy be conducted by higher "principles," regardless of circumstances or consequences. "Principles" are very compelling to contemporary liberal opinion, certainly more so than mere legality. Many Administration critics now seem most eager to import "principles" into foreign policy. And with reason. Their own foreign policy nostrums would not get very far, if judged by public support for their consequences. □

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Bohdan Nahaylo

WHEN IVAN COMES MARCHING HOME

The domestic impact of the war in Afghanistan.

For some time now the Kremlin has been stressing that it wants to bring the boys home from Afghanistan. Having failed after more than seven years to pacify the Afghans and impose a Marxist puppet regime, Moscow appears to be seeking a face-saving way to extricate itself from the Afghan imbroglio. This, in tandem with the Gorbachev leadership's policy of selective *glasnost*, or greater openness in the press, has brought to the surface issues that until recently were taboo for the Soviet media—the domestic impact of the engagement in Afghanistan, and the one-sided manner in which the war has been depicted.

After years of pretending that the Soviet "intervention" in Afghanistan had the full understanding and wholehearted support of the Soviet population, the Soviet media have begun acknowledging that the war has not been all that popular at home and that not everyone has accepted the official line. During the last eighteen months Soviet newspapers have also revealed that there is widespread alienation and bitterness among the estimated close to half a million veterans, most of them young draftees, who have served in Afghanistan. "The wounds," as *Radyans'ka Ukraina* put it on March 17, "remain. If not on the body, then in the soul."

For the first few years the Soviet population was told very little about the nature and scale of the war. All mention of casualties was avoided, and the impression was deliberately created that the "limited contingent" of Soviet troops was providing "temporary" assistance to a neighboring "victim of unprovoked imperialist aggression." Nevertheless, distressing news about the conflict began filtering through from soldiers returning home, the relatives of boys killed or wounded in action, and foreign radio broadcasts. Evidence soon appeared in the Soviet underground press (*samizdat*) of growing revulsion against the Soviet involvement in Afghanistan, particularly in the Baltic republics and Ukraine. In 1982 the Lithuanian underground journal *Ausra* described how the bodies of soldiers killed in Afghanistan were being brought home in sealed zinc coffins and how funerals were turning into anti-Russian demonstrations. The journal also quoted young Lithuanian veterans on the atrocities they had witnessed while serving in Afghanistan. "Under oppression themselves," *Ausra* pointed out, "Ukrainians, Estonians, Latvians, [and] Lithuanians" were being forced to "obey the brutal orders of the Russian officers, and shed both their own and Afghan blood."

Similarly, in 1985 the *samizdat* publication *The Chronicle of the Catholic Church in Ukraine* also depicted the conflict in Afghanistan as "Russia's war" in which the USSR's non-Russians were being forced to participate. It presented a grim picture of heavy casualties suffered by soldiers from Western Ukrainian districts, of bodies being brought back in sealed coffins to be buried in graves marked with stars and not crosses, and of the shabby treatment of wounded and disabled veterans. The *Chronicle*'s position was summarized in a letter to Soviet Defense Minister Dmitrii Ustinov from three leading Ukrainian Catholic activists, who declared: "Ukrainians do not wish to fight, nor do they want this unjust war."

This sentiment is probably shared by a good many of the Afghans' co-religionists in Soviet Central Asia and the North Caucasus. Shortly after the invasion there were reports that Central Asian soldiers were being withdrawn because of their unreliability. Matters have not been helped by the Soviet media's reference to the Afghan insurgents as *Basmachi*, the name given to the Muslim groups who fought against Soviet rule in Central Asia in the 1920s and thirties with the aim of establishing an independent Islamic state. What is more, foreign radio broadcasts from Iran, China, and the West have provided the Soviet Central Asians with an alternative view of the war and informed them of the international opprobrium the Soviet occupation of Afghanistan continues to generate, not least among Islamic nations.

Although the absence of *samizdat* and precise information generally from Soviet Central Asia and the North Caucasus makes it difficult to know just how strong opposition to Moscow's involvement in Afghanistan really is in the USSR's traditionally Muslim areas, several protests have been recorded. For instance, in Tajikistan, which borders on Afghanistan, five people were arrested in 1982 for circulating leaflets against the war. In June 1985, violent clashes are reported to have broken out in Astrakhan between Chechen draftees from the North Caucasus who refused to go to Afghanistan and the military authorities.

Over the years, a number of spontaneous demonstrations by the parents of soldiers sent to Afghanistan have also been reported. The largest of these took place in the Armenian capital of Yerevan in May 1985, when some 200 protestors gathered outside the city's military commissariat. The pseudonymous Sergei Kovansky, a writer living in Moscow who in 1986 was interviewed by the British journal *Détente*, goes as far as to suggest that these demonstrations "bear evidence to the shifts that are taking place in the mood of the masses, at least in the periphery of the country. A new social activeness has emerged in place of the old apathy and depoliticization."

After that leading expert on Soviet public opinion, former KGB chief

Bohdan Nahaylo writes frequently on Soviet affairs for the London Spectator.

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Yuri Andropov, took over at the end of 1982, coverage of the war did grow franker. The Soviet population was told something of the scale of the fighting and the difficulties involved in pursuing a war against guerrillas in mountainous terrain. All the same, no criticism of the Soviet role in Afghanistan was tolerated. The general message seemed to be that the Soviet forces were in for a long haul because of the unrelenting "external interference" in Afghanistan's affairs by the states that were arming and sheltering the Afghan resistance.

Increasingly, attempts were made to popularize the war by portraying it not so much as an intervention on behalf of a socialist ally, as an extension of the defense of the motherland. The theme of "internationalist duty" was still fostered, but analogies with the Second World War became more frequent, and the emphasis subtly shifted to patriotic virtues and military traditions. Typically, the army newspaper *Krasnaya Zvezda* of November 25, 1984, wrote: "The sons are following in their fathers' footsteps. Their hearts are filled with readiness to accomplish exploits and with loyalty to the heroic traditions."

Nevertheless, from roughly the beginning of 1984, one distinctly sour note began to be sounded in the media's handling of the "Afghanistan" theme. It was admitted that some wounded or disabled veterans of the war were coming up against bureaucratic indifference of the most disgraceful sort. For the discerning reader, it was to become increasingly evident that although the boys who had served in Afghanistan were officially hailed as heroes, back home not everyone was impressed by what they had been through, including the local Komsomol and party officials. As one Ukrainian regional party leader tactfully put it in March 1984, the war in Afghanistan had exposed certain "moral problems."

It was not until the early part of 1986 and the beginnings of *glasnost*, however, that the Soviet press finally began to admit other difficulties with Afghanistan veterans. Many of them were finding it difficult to readjust to civilian life and were disappointed by the lack of support and understanding on the part of the local authorities, and for that matter the public at large.

The Soviet media have begun acknowledging that the war has not been all that popular at home and that not everyone has accepted the official line.

More disturbing, though, was that some had come home imbued with revolutionary zeal and full of aggressive energy. Contemptuous of the life they had returned to, they wanted to take matters into their own hands and purge society of undesirable elements, even if this meant breaking the law.

On January 8, 1986, *Komsomolskaya Pravda* published an account of one such group of *Afghantsi*—as the Afghan veterans had by now become popularly known—in Togliatti. The veterans had become so disgusted with the "anti-social behavior" they saw around them that they formed a vigilante squad, waging their own private war against "money-grubbers" and "scroungers," whom they dubbed "contras." Although the newspaper warned the young zealots about the consequences of taking the law into their own hands, it nevertheless treated them sympathetically. The *Afghantsi*, it claimed, undergo a "revolutionary purification" in Afghanistan and therefore see the world through "a powerful filter" that brings out moral distinctions.

While not mentioning those who were sickened by what they saw in Afghanistan, the press tended to focus on *Afghantsi* who believed their battle experience had made them morally superior to the people around them. In fact, the media's constant boosting of the veterans as role models won the former soldiers no friends. Even the local Komsomol organizations have been reluctant to help set up Afghanistan veterans' clubs, and calls for the establishment of a separate veterans' organization for the *Afghantsi* have fallen on deaf ears.

As it was describing the bitterness and alienation of some of the Afghanistan veterans, the Soviet press also began to mention the problem of draft evasion. In January 1986 *Krasnaya Zvezda* described cases of draft dodging in Vladivostok, and in July it disclosed that senior officials in Uzbekistan were using their influence to keep their draftee sons from being sent to Afghanistan. More recently, in February, the Uzbek party chief, Inamzhon Usmankhodzhaev, revealed something of the scale of the problem, stating that during the last two years "hundreds" of Komsomol members in Uzbekistan, the key Central Asian republic that borders on Afghanistan, had been prosecuted for draft-dodging.

Since the end of last year selective *glasnost* on the Afghanistan theme has been broadened to include some discussion of popular attitudes towards the war, as well as criticism of the slanted way in which it is depicted. The first sign of a more tolerant and candid approach was the official reaction to Andrei Sakharov's renewed condemnation of the occupation of Afghanistan, which the human rights activist made as soon as he was released from internal exile in Gorky. At a news conference on December 23, Yuri Kashlev, the chief of the Soviet Foreign Ministry's Department of Humanitarian Affairs, declared that he did not see anything wrong with Sakharov's remarks. He added that "our leadership has stated on many occasions that we are seeking a solution of the problem in Afghanistan as soon as possible."

At the end of 1986, *Sobesednik*, the weekly supplement to the Communist Youth League daily *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, tested the waters by revealing that not all young people subscribe to the official view of the war. It cited extracts from letters that had been sent to the paper by a 28-year-old Muscovite who had signed himself with the initials V. K., and a certain Vladimir Russkikh in Udmurtia. V. K. was fed up with reading about how "happy" draftees were to be "entrusted to fulfill their internationalist duty" by going to fight in Afghanistan, and made it clear that he regarded such a notion as "crazy." Russkikh complained that there were young people going around saying that "our boys are dying for nothing." He described an argument in which he had "been pinned to the wall" with the question: "How do you explain to mothers the deaths of their sons?"

The first issue of *Sobesednik* for 1987 shed more light on what Soviet youth think of the war. This time the paper published a long letter from eighteen-year-old Laura Tsagolova from Moscow who had spent some time in Afghanistan while her parents were posted there. She had been distressed to discover on returning home that people her age were more interested in having a good time than discussing "far-off" Afghanistan and "politics." She overheard one youth in Pushkin Square say: "Would I want to fulfill my internationalist duty? Of course not! It's peaceful over here. People are being killed over there. Who wants to die?" Another dismayed her by exclaiming: "You'd think those who are serving there are heroes. What now? Are we supposed to idolize them?" Tsagolova went on to describe what happened when an Afghanistan veteran suggested arranging a meeting between veterans and members of break dance and heavy metal rock groups. "What do they want from us?" the musicians had retorted. "Why are they trying to get into our souls?"

The next instance of outspoken criticism was a bombshell. It took the form of a letter from S. Berezovs'ka, a Ukrainian mother of two draftees, to the Ukrainian Komsomol daily *Molod' Ukrainy*, published on January 15. She not only objected to the way the Soviet media deal with the war and questioned the high cost in human lives, but pointed out that this conflict cannot be compared to the defense of the homeland against the Fascist invaders. "This is not the Great Fatherland War where our people died defending their land."

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Moreover, she also charged that a disproportionate burden of the fighting has been placed on offspring of the workers. "There are no children of officials there," she complained.

Interestingly, the publication of Berezovs'ka's protest was accompanied by a long response from one of the newspaper's correspondents, Oleksandr Klymenko, who in effect publicly apologized on behalf of his media colleagues for their glib and insensitive treatment of the Afghanistan theme. Although he went on to rehearse the familiar official explanations, he nevertheless reminded Berezovs'ka that "there was a period, and not such a short one at that, when the press provided almost no information about how our boys were fighting over there," and asked for her understanding.

A fortnight later, the February 1 issue of *Moscow News*, a weekly designed mainly for foreign readers, showed that even higher up there are those prepared to argue the case for a speedy political settlement of the Afghanistan problem. It published a statement by Yevgeny Ambartsumov, a prominent member of one of Mr. Gorbachev's think tanks, who gave the following reasons for pulling the troops out:

> Reconciliation in Afghanistan would mean the early return home of our troops . . . awaited with such impatience and such concern at home. Our boys would stay alive, and "death notifications" would no longer bring untold grief to Soviet families. Lastly, we would be able to release additional forces and means for our economy. I do not know how much international aid costs our people, but I think the price is not small.

Later in the piece Ambartsumov also mentioned that "the introduction of a military contingent into Afghanistan" had not met "with the support of the majority of the U.N. members."

The problem of the *Afghantsi* has continued to receive frank treatment. At the beginning of the year a powerful new documentary film, *Is It Easy To Be Young?* opened in Moscow. It contains moving interviews with disabled and embittered veterans, as well as the parents of soldiers killed in Afghanistan. Such a bold look at the conflict and its consequences has proved a sensation and all showings are reported to have been sold out.

On January 31 and February 7, Soviet television showed a two-part program in which the leading propagator of a military cult associated with Afghanistan, Aleksandr Prokhanov, interviewed several disgruntled but militant young veterans. One *Afghanets* named Foteev said openly that back home it is "considerably more difficult" than it was in Afghanistan. "There are no extreme conditions," and "relations with people are much more complicated." He explained that Afghanistan veterans such as he are considered "dangerous people." "Some do not understand us at all, others call us fanatics, still others understand us but cannot support us because they do not feel up to it." Foteev claimed that the distrust and resentment of the activist type of *Afghanets* goes beyond people not believing their accounts of the war: at work, he was constantly being watched and checked "from above."

At the Komsomol Congress in April, Gorbachev went out of his way to praise the many thousands of young people who have fought in Afghanistan, saying that the country was proud of them. Yet two days later, on April 18, Soviet television showed another frank discussion about the *Afghantsi* in which the real state of affairs was shown to be not quite so rosy. One veteran was quoted as saying that "no one needs us now." Furthermore, a commentator expressed concern that all sorts of "unpleasant" things can be heard about the *Afghantsi*, yet at the same time the fate of the badly wounded and disabled veterans is all too often forgotten.

Undoubtedly the Soviet press is partly to blame for the prejudices that exist against some of the *Afghantsi*. The routine depiction of all Soviet soldiers serving in Afghanistan as heroes clearly does not convince everybody and even irritates some of the *Afghantsi* themselves. For example, on February 28, *Moskovskaya Pravda* carried an interview with 22-year-old Gennady Yevsenin, a decorated Afghanistan veteran who has had problems switching back to civilian life, and who is angry at the uniform way that the press portrays the Soviet servicemen. As he put it:

> . . . actually a lot is being written about our boys, but—begging the journalists' pardon—more or less the same about everyone. As if we are all proper and good. As if we all know exactly what we want. As if, if anyone was a blockhead before the army, Afghanistan well and truly set him right. That is untrue. We are all different.

Significantly, a statement issued on January 15 by twenty members of Moscow's unofficial peace group in connection with the Kabul regime's declaration of a six-month unilateral ceasefire suggests that, if anything, the problem of the *Afghantsi* is still understated in the Soviet press and is becoming "more acute with every day."

> We are worried about the fate of the people who went through this school of blood. We are approaching that dangerous condition when, having returned to our society, this generation which was under fire will disseminate the terrible experiences they acquired among their contemporaries.
>
> "It is common knowledge," they continued, "what psychological and moral difficulties American veterans of the [Vietnam] war suffered."

Another revealing indication of popular attitudes, and a further example of the new difficulties the authorities face under *glasnost*, cropped up during a question-and-answer program broadcast by Radio Moscow's domestic service on the evening of March 27. One of the commentators felt compelled to respond at considerable length to a letter sent in by 20-year-old Andrei Novikov from the city of Andropov. These were Novikov's comments as the commentator read them:

> Recently, all Soviet propaganda has been saying a great deal about the national reconciliation taking place in Afghanistan. For us this is of interest because it radically alters the stereotype of events in Afghanistan that Soviet propaganda has presented up to now: the war in Afghanistan has been portrayed in terms of a handful of renegades and bandits waging an undeclared war against their own people, while the Soviet internationalist servicemen are "protecting"—for some reason in inverted commas—the women and children of Afghanistan from the bandits; and there is no mention of the fact that the so-called *dushmans* [bandits] are not just a handful of bandits, but vast numbers of the Afghan population; nor about the fact that tens of thousands of Afghan families have left Afghanistan and are living in Iran and Pakistan. . . . Let's look at the origins of the war. As everyone knows, the *dushman* resistance forces began receiving aid from the West in the form of weapons and military hardware only after the Soviet Union moved its troops into Afghanistan. Which intervention came first, and which came second, is obvious.

The Soviet commentator attempted to respond to this audacious letter with the standard responses. Nevertheless, he ended up admitting that the Afghan resistance is indeed more substantial than the Soviet media have suggested and that there are "some 2,500,000 Afghan refugees in Iran and Pakistan."

The risks inherent in applying *glasnost* to the Afghanistan theme were aptly demonstrated when Secretary of State George Shultz was interviewed on Soviet television on April 16. When pressed on the subject of Afghanistan, Shultz delivered the most outspoken condemnation that has yet appeared in the Soviet media. Millions of Soviet viewers heard him say:

> As regards Afghanistan, you have come into conflict with the people of Afghanistan. The Afghan people want you to leave their country; they do not want your armed forces to be in their country. How many soldiers do you keep there—120,000?

Evidently, Shultz went beyond the limits of *glasnost* because his following two sentences in a similar vein were not translated.

If this was something to think about, then one also wonders what the Soviet public felt on being told in April of two raids across the border into Soviet ter-

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ritory by the Afghan resistance. Although the *mujahedeen* have claimed since at least 1982 to have been carrying out attacks of this nature, this was the first time Moscow admitted that the fighting has spilled over into the Soviet Union. Such news can hardly have raised morale, coming as it does at a point when the Red Army has been waging war in Afghanistan for almost twice as long as the Soviet Union's struggle against Nazi Germany.

The military side of the war still remains off limits to critics and inquisitive journalists. There have as yet been no questions asked in the press why it has taken Soviet military might so long to subdue the Afghan "counterrevolutionaries." Nor is there any hint of demoralization among Soviet troops, of drug problems, and desertion to the enemy. Questions about the number of Soviet casualties continue to get short shrift. One Radio Moscow commentator explained to domestic listeners on February 6 that he was unable to give the figures because "the Americans" are using Afghanistan as a military testing ground, and information of this sort would enable them to judge if their "methods" are effective, and hence endanger "the lives of our boys."

There is also no admission of the large-scale atrocities committed against the Afghan population. Nonetheless, enough Soviet citizens listen to Western radio stations for word to have gotten out that the Red Army's brutal methods have been exposed abroad and condemned by a host of individuals and organizations, ranging from Soviet deserters to the U.N. Human Rights Commission. Soviet sensitivity on this score was shown in an odd sort of way in December when *Komsomolskaya Pravda* published a vitriolic attack on foreign "falsifiers" and "forgerers" who, the newspaper claimed, are fabricating stories and photographs about alleged Soviet crimes in Afghanistan. What was even more unusual was that the paper reproduced several photographs from an Afghan refugee journal showing children that had been maimed by Soviet booby-trap toys and bombs.

Although the Soviet media are still adhering to the old approach of presenting only the news that the Kremlin sees fit to print, selective *glasnost* on Afghanistan has gone surprisingly far by Soviet standards, and seems to be acquiring its own dynamic. A considerable amount of information about the domestic side of the war has seeped out, revealing the existence of dissatisfaction and division. Gorbachev has described Afghanistan as "a bleeding wound." One thing seems certain. If and when it is finally closed, a scar will remain. □

Arch Puddington

THE KHMER ROUGE FILE

Thanks to David Hawk of New York City, we can now dig through the Tuol Sleng archives.

When at the beginning of 1979 the Khmer Rouge fled in panic before the invading Vietnamese army, they left behind in Phnom Penh thousands of documents compiled during their three-and-a-half years in power. These papers eventually fell into the hands of the new, Hanoi-installed rulers headed by Heng Samrin, a former Khmer Rouge official. The Heng Samrin regime has an obvious interest in reinforcing the image of the Khmer Rouge as genocidal monsters in order to buttress its claim as the legitimate government of Cambodia. The new government has therefore released an impressive volume of papers, which has been translated and is being made available to scholars and journalists in the United States.

The most significant documents deal directly with the very policies that earned the Khmer Rouge their greatest notoriety: the torture and execution of thousands upon thousands of their fellow Cambodians. Although many victims were killed almost at random in villages or fields, others were killed under more formal circumstances, particularly if suspected of membership in subversive networks organized by the CIA, KGB, or a combination of several foreign intelligence services. The executions were carried out at the various prisons-cum-extermination centers established—usually in former schools or pagodas—in the various regions of the country.

Almost always, execution was preceded by torture. There were no judicial procedures, not even the show trials to which errant party members have been subjected in other Communist societies. Torture was to Cambodia what interrogation and trial are to the civilized world.

With torture and murder occupying a central place in the governing of Democratic Kampuchea (as the country was known under Pol Pot), it was inevitable that a special bureaucracy of torturers, interrogators, and executioners would emerge. Like most bureaucrats the functionaries of the Kampuchean torture bureaucracy were meticulous record keepers. At the central Khmer Rouge prison and execution facility, Tuol Sleng, dossiers were maintained on each prisoner from the time of arrest until execution. Prisoners were photographed upon entering the institution, and then re-photographed after torture and sometimes after execution. The various versions of confession extracted from each prisoner were carefully recorded and filed away. Sometimes prison officials would note in the margins the type of torture employed in a given case. There were daily reports on the prisoners' health, including notations of who had died from torture. And, of course, there were the daily execution schedules.

Tuol Sleng held the most important of Pol Pot's enemies: Lon Nol's military officers, pre-revolutionary civil servants, and suspect Khmer Rouge cadres. All told, some 20,000 were executed at Tuol Sleng in less than four years. Five hundred eighty-two prisoners were executed on May 27, 1978, the highest figure for any single day. Moreover, only *seven* of Tuol Sleng's inmates survived, these being prisoners whose special skills were of use to the jailers.

Interrogation methods emphasized brute force over psychological torture: brain-washing was apparently too tedious a procedure for the Khmer Rouge. Prisoners were assumed guilty, and it was further assumed that no prisoner ever acted alone, but carried out traitorous acts as a part of an enemy network. Prisoners were seldom accused of overt acts of rebellion; instead, mistakes, accidents, or an inability to meet irrational production quotas

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were labeled deliberate attempts at sabotage. Torture was applied until the accused confessed and, most important of all, revealed the identities of fellow conspirators. The "accomplices" were then arrested and tortured until further names were divulged. In this way, the security net was cast in ever-widening —and increasingly paranoid—circles.

One of the most illuminating documents unearthed in the Tuol Sleng archives is an interrogator's manual—in reality, forty or so pages of lecture notes prepared by a senior security official for delivery to his subordinates at the prison. Although the lecture ranged over a wide terrain (for example, interrogators are cautioned to sharpen pencils before taking down a confession), most attention was given over to the theory and practice of torture. And here, it appears, the security forces faced something of a dilemma. In theory torture was to be no more than a supplement to propaganda and indoctrination, but in practice it was far easier for interrogators simply to beat the victims until they confessed to whatever lurid fantasy the party dreamt up. Worst of all, prisoners sometimes died from excessive torture before making confessions and naming names.

The premature death of a prisoner was regarded as a major defeat. The author of the interrogation manual recounts the great lengths to which the party went to save the life of a prisoner who attempted suicide by swallowing nails. The inmate had already made a fairly thorough confession, and would no doubt soon succumb before the blows of an executioner's club. Nonetheless, two doctors were summoned to prolong his life so that more questions could be asked and more torture applied. This man probably knew nothing of genuine interest to the Khmer Rouge, and his "confession" was nothing more than a desperate ploy to avoid torture. The party, however, regarded it a notable triumph to have kept him alive long enough for still more fictitious information to be extracted before the revolution finally put him out of his misery.

Tuol Sleng's inmates generally hovered between life and death. The daily charts completed by security personnel on the "status of the enemy" provide a hint of the universal agony within the inmate population. Among the entries for April 24, 1977, are Chea Chhay Hen, market chairman, unclean wound; Eang Kim, section leader at lumber mill, chest pains, unconscious; Mey Phan, laborer, "mental." Other prisoners were recorded as suffering wounds of the back, neck, and head, as well as tuberculosis, emphysema, and stomach trouble. An inmate who died is described in a notation at the bottom of the report: "Croaked: the one named Khheang Sek, posted as a document carrier at the General Staff, as a result of torture by being placed in a plastic bag." The reference here is to a favorite Khmer Rouge practice of placing a plastic bag over a prisoner's head until he became unconscious.

A crucial message of the interrogation manual is to avoid emphasizing "torture over propaganda." But as the author acknowledges, when an interrogator limits himself to political persuasion, the prisoner confesses "at an extremely low level." Torture, therefore, is inevitable, but only as one of several different techniques of questioning. Torture should not be overdone, should not be applied in a "subjective" way, and interrogators were "not to engage in beatings in an unorganized manner."

"Croaked: the one named Khheang Sek, posted as a document carrier at the General Staff, as a result of torture by being placed in a plastic bag."

The interrogators were instructed to remain detached during a torture session. Torture "is not something we do for the fun of it," or done "out of individual anger or for self-satisfaction." Nor, of course, should prisoners be killed. Torturing a prisoner to death suggested a "loss of mastery" and represented a "loss for the party." Inmates' health should be constantly evaluated, and prisoners should be "kept alive for a long time, to get answers for the party."

In addition to being overzealous, some security personnel were apparently violating party strictures on sexual matters. The Khmer Rouge leadership enforced a puritanical sexual code with brutal rigor, to the point of executing young Cambodians for flirting, becoming engaged without party approval, or holding hands in public. Interrogators were not immune from these strictures, as the manual notes:

> Some comrades, asked to interrogate on political matters, instead interrogated on the matter of morality with women and in accordance with their happy-go-lucky ideology. The party has us beat women convicts with whips and absolutely not beat them with our hands. We should not violate.

As an alternative to torture, security officers were advised to suggest that the prisoner's life would be spared if he cooperated. "We do whatever is necessary to make them uncertain about the question of life and death so that they may still hope that they will survive." Another approach was to "have them think of their wives and children," who, in all probability, were also prisoners and might well face a session with the torturer unless the inmate's attitude changed. On the other hand, interrogators were cautioned against various strategies of the enemy, particularly claims that a prisoner had only "confessed because of the pain."

When ready to confess, prisoners were to be allowed to proceed without prompting. Interference by security personnel would, it was said, "make the essence of the response vague and meaningless." Prisoners should "write in their own hand, in their own way of speaking, in their own sentences, with their own thoughts."

In any normal society, even in most dictatorships, such guidelines might be appropriate. But in Pol Pot's Democratic Kampuchea, they simply intensified a grotesque charade, where innocent men were forced to confess—"in their own sentences"—to absurd crimes, the specifics of which had been determined by their jailers. Nothing in the documents gives the mildest hint that party officials recognized the insanity of the whole process. Quite the contrary. There is no trace of cynicism or irony in the interrogation manual; if anything, the tone is inspirational. The security staff was exhorted to greater effort, greater watchfulness, greater resourcefulness in encounters with the "enemy." As the interrogators were reminded, no matter how much the party might "sniff and ferret for days and months, right up to [the prisoners'] deaths, nevertheless the secrets of the CIA organization are in them in greater or smaller measure."

Interrogators at Tuol Sleng were in theory not to inflict torture without the approval of senior security officials, and were obliged to complete daily reports on "measures taken" during questioning. A typical "measures taken" report notes:

> On the night of Sept. 26, 1976. After threatening him a couple of times I told him to pull off his shirt and put the arm shackles on him. Except at meals. Prevented him from sleep and put him with the mosquitoes.

Generally, though, the preferred method of interrogation was beating. Thus:

> On 21 September, 1976, we received instructions from the organization to use torture. We started using torture in the morning with about 20 whippings with fine rattan. In the afternoon there were about 20-30 whippings with electrical wire instead.

Other techniques were used in the case of this particular prisoner. He was asked what medicines he might need, and told to ponder the "welfare of his wife and children," also under detention. But the record reveals it was torture that proved ultimately successful in extracting his confession: threatened with further beatings, the prisoner agreed to cooperate. He did ask security officials to "clarify what all he was to report," which reveals something about the bewildered state of mind of the party's victims.

The uncertainty and fear that the Khmer Rouge sowed throughout Cambodian society did not leave the security forces untouched. Even prison interrogators were subject to revolutionary justice: they could be charged as traitors, for overzealousness in using torture, or for not applying torture rigorously or often enough. One guard, accused of "Agitating Against Beating the Enemy," somewhat surprisingly offered a straightforward defense: he said that prisoners were confessing simply to avoid further beatings. "All [the guards] ever thought of was beating.

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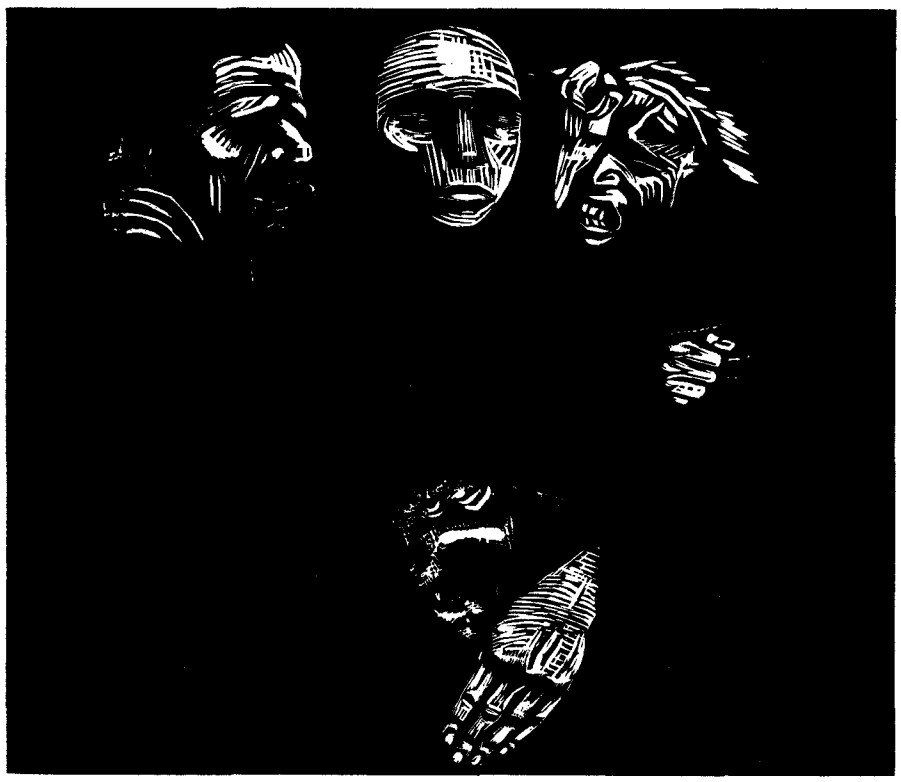
And since all they thought of was beatings, the enemy was responding with nonsense, with indiscriminate accusations." Never during his tours of the interrogation areas did he hear genuine questioning, only "thuds and crashes" and "screaming about 'are you "C" or not.'" ("C" was a shortened version of CIA.)

Another interrogator, But Heng, aged 26, was arrested for beating prisoners to death. This man was evidently a sadist who beat prisoners for all the "subjective" reasons of which the party disapproved. And, of course, his victims sometimes died before a confession could be obtained, a clear loss for the organization:

> I questioned this bitch who came back from France; my activity was that I set fire to her ass until it became a burned-out mess, then beat her to the point that she was so turned around I couldn't get any answer out of her; the enemy then croaked, ending her answers. . . .
>
> Subsequently my activities were: Brother Chan had me question the KGB types he had gotten me myself. At that time, after questioning for one morning, one of these guys made an incident jumping out of a third story. Then he hurled his head against something and broke it open. Immediately upon taking him back where he belonged, I called over Chhay and Teng to help me beat him. At that time we beat him to death. Once he had croaked no report was yet made. I waited until the proper day to make the report in order to throw the upper echelons off the track so they wouldn't take any notice I had slipped up and croaked him immediately.

The Khmer Rouge also kept complete records of executions. There were executions each day at Tuol Sleng, and it was customary to organize the victims by occupation or some other category. The execution schedules provide a grisly chronological history of the Pol Pot period: first to go was Lon Nol's officer corps, followed by civil servants and other functionaries from the prerevolutionary era, followed by their wives and children. Finally, it was the Khmer Rouge cadres who fell out of favor. For example, on July 6, 1977, 127 persons were killed, all of them party members suspected of disloyalty to Pol Pot. On July 22, 1977, eighty employees of the Department of Public Works were executed. This group included many ordinary workers, among them: Deo So Meng, ex-private in water supply department; Som Sen, water supply center nurse; Pen Sarin, cook. Why so thorough a purge of a department that, in most societies, is essential to the smooth functioning of government? The most plausible explanation is that the chief of the department, a Khmer Rouge official, had fallen out of favor, was arrested and executed, and then, in a pattern repeated throughout Cambodian society, a housecleaning of subordinates perceived as tainted by association with the old chief was undertaken, right down to the humblest workers.

The Khmer Rouge also maintained a policy of exterminating the wives and children of executed enemies of the revolution. Thus the schedule for July 4, 1977, lists 126 women, mostly widows of workers who had already met their fate. The following day, it was the children's turn: eighty-five sons and daughters of previously executed prisoners were killed.



"The party has us beat women convicts with whips and absolutely not beat them with our hands. We should not violate."

The organization principally responsible for the translation and publication of the Tuol Sleng documents is the New York-based Cambodian Documentation Commission. David Hawk, the commission's director, is a former anti-war activist and Amnesty International official who in 1980 served as a relief worker in Thailand, ministering to the thousands of Cambodians who had suffered first under Pol Pot and later—following the Vietnam-Khmer Rouge war—from a deadly famine. Hawk eventually found his way to Phnom Penh, where he began to collect archives housed in Tuol Sleng, which has been transformed into a museum of the Khmer Rouge genocide. As can be imagined, conditions in Phnom Penh were primitive: for example, special arrangements had to be made for the electricity to be turned on in the section of the city where Tuol Sleng is located. But after three trips Hawk returned with thousands of documents, a large collection of photographs of the extermination centers and killing fields, and hundreds of recorded interviews with survivors of the Khmer Rouge period.

Hawk has subsequently devoted his energies to keeping the issue of Pol Pot's crimes before the public. That the world not forget the monstrous injustices committed under Khmer Rouge rule is of more than historical importance. Those directly responsible for Khmer Rouge atrocities, from Pol Pot, to the rest of the political leadership, to the military commanders, to those who ran the torture and extermination centers, today remain a force to be reckoned with inside Cambodia. Recent rumors suggest that Pol Pot is seriously ill with cancer, and no longer serves as political leader of the Khmer Rouge. True or not, the fact is that the fate of Pol Pot alone is essentially irrelevant; the men said most likely to succeed him are equally as guilty of crimes against humanity. The Khmer Rouge government-in-exile is still recognized as Cambodia's representative to the United Nations, and within the country the Khmer Rouge control the largest and most effective fighting force among the three movements working to liberate their homeland from Vietnamese domination.

The Commission has thus initiated a campaign designed to ensure that the Khmer Rouge, or at least its leadership, never play a role in a future government of a free and independent Cambodia. Specifically, the Commission is asking that the Khmer Rouge be formally indicted before the World Court on the charge of genocide. In pressing this effort, Hawk emphasizes that the killings in Cambodia were not indiscriminate, but that certain groups were singled out for extermination: Buddhist monks and the clergy of other religions; ethnic minorities, like the Chams; and certain social classes, most notably the urban population. Moreover, the liquidation of these groups was sanctioned by the Khmer Rouge by the astonishing device of "prohibiting" the existence of those classes which could not conform to the new revolutionary order of things.

The Commission's efforts are eminently deserving of support. Indeed, that the world has not responded in outrage to the Cambodian tragedy is itself altogether disturbing. The reasons are many: the geopolitical priority of bringing Vietnamese occupation to an end; the fact that Cambodian exile organizations lack political influence; American exhaustion and shame over our conduct in Southeast Asia; a psychological unwillingness to come to grips with the enormity of Cambodia's fate. There is also the fact that the Khmer Rouge were Communists, and therefore received little more than pro forma denunciation from the Soviet Union and the international left. The Soviets harbor few sympathies for Pol Pot and his accomplices; the Khmer Rouge hated Russians almost as much as Americans, and today seize every opportunity to murder Soviet personnel posted in Phnom Penh. Nevertheless, the Kremlin surely understands that the Khmer Rouge drew inspiration principally from Stalin, and are sensitive to the parallels that might be drawn between Pol Pot's policies and such Stalinist episodes as the Ukrainian terror-famine and the persecution of national minorities following World War II.

Today, it is a relatively simple affair to mobilize "world progressive opinion" against South African apartheid, military dictatorship in Chile, or the democratically elected leader of a scorned nation like El Salvador. Even where people are determined and diligent enough, crimes of the Soviet Union do not escape opprobrium: witness the continuing pressure for Jewish emigration and the international campaign against Soviet psychiatric abuse. It would be a hideous distortion of justice if those who, in Cambodia, committed similar, and much more recent, atrocities were allowed to live normal lives, and perhaps, at some future date, again rule the country they once destroyed. □

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Malcolm Wallop

STAR WARS AND THE MILITARY

Our top brass would rather fight without a shield.

A debate is in full swing inside the Reagan Administration over the development and deployment of the first components of the Strategic Defense Initiative. This dispute has already spilled over into Congress and the press, but what is most surprising goes largely unreported: namely, that the uniformed military is taking sides against the President and SDI.

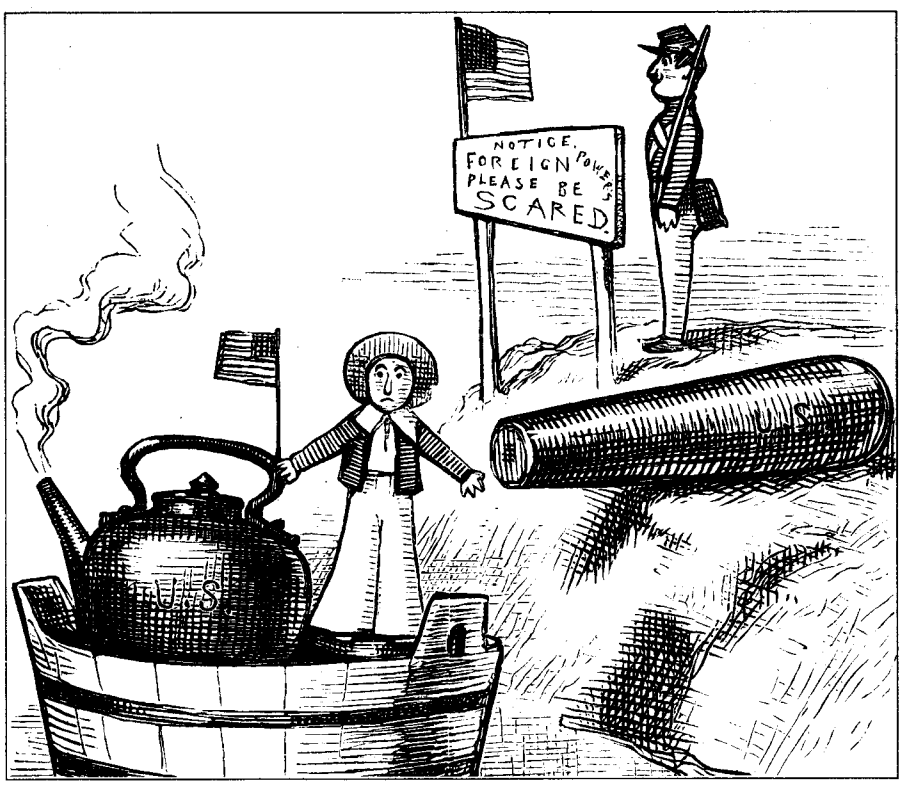
President Reagan outlined his vision of a defense that would render Soviet ballistic missiles "impotent and obsolete" in March 1983. Since then the President has more or less withdrawn from the debate, intervening publicly only to defend the program's budget, but not to set clear goals. In the absence of presidential guidance, the SDI program was designed by government and military bureaucrats to emphasize exotic technologies that simply could not be turned into usable weaponry before the year 2000. Those near-term options that were available early in the Reagan Administration were cut back or cut out.

Since then several important changes have occurred. For one thing, greater technical progress than expected has been made, allowing the United States, if it chooses, to deploy strategic defenses based on technology that four years ago was unproven, and that is substantially more effective than the proposed ABM systems of the late 1970s and early 1980s. In addition, Lt. Gen. James Abrahamson, director of the Pentagon's SDI office, has focused attention on near-term systems as well as on exotic technology.

At the same time, however, the SDI program has suffered heavy budgetary cuts in Congress. Congressmen who are ideologically opposed to SDI have succeeded in framing the issue as "how much should we spend on research" rather than "should we defend the country against Soviet missiles." While mouthing support for *some* level of research—even Rep. Ron Dellums can claim to be a supporter, having declared himself in favor of spending a scanty $1 billion on further research—they assiduously work to cut SDI funding, slow down the program's momentum, and wait out Reagan's last term. So far this strategy has worked, and the Administration will be powerless to thwart it as long as the SDI program remains confined to pure research.

Another critical change is that the Soviet Union has made tremendous advances in strategic defense. The United States now counts nine new large, phased-array ABM battle management radars under construction in the Soviet Union, far more numerous and more powerful than those needed for early warning. At least one of these radars is in flagrant violation of the ABM treaty. A new ABM interceptor is being deployed around Moscow that is far more capable than anything the Soviets have ever fielded. A mobile ABM engagement radar, the Flat Twin, is in production. Improvements in the Soviet air defense network—the most sophisticated in the world—particularly the deployment of the SA-10 and SA-12 interceptor missiles and radars, blur the distinction between bomber defense and missile defense. The U.S. intelligence community believes that these missiles have significant ABM capability. It is now firmly held in and outside of government that the Soviets may be preparing a nationwide ABM defense.

These events have conspired to change the minds of many SDI partisans inside the Administration. Secretary of Defense Weinberger, to take the most prominent example, has apparently concluded that if strategic defense is to endure beyond the Reagan presidency, it has to be set on a more positive course *now*. It is increasingly clear that the President cannot move the American people over the issue of continued SDI "research"; a more dramatic and clear-cut political line has to be drawn between those who actually support a defense of the United States and those who only mouth such support. Nothing can do this better than a development and deployment decision.



Lining up on the other side—against strategic defense—is an unholy alliance between the majority of our military leaders and the career diplomats and arms controllers. We saw this alliance before in the debate over the SALT II treaty—a military establishment convinced that the country was afraid or unwilling to compete with the Soviet Union on the strategic level; and career diplomats, who negotiated the pact, unwilling to admit that it never served America's interests. It is understandable why the diplomats despise SDI—after all, it offends the Soviet Union, which is, well, undiplomatic. It is less generally understood that the American military establishment is not at all enthusiastic about SDI.

The most recent evidence of the military's reluctance to support strategic defense was the testimony last January 21 of Admiral William Crowe, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff (JCS), before the Senate Armed Services Committee. "My own view is that SDI is a research project," Crowe said. "The decision to do this [deployment] has not been made. It will be quite some time before the decision can be made." Interestingly, Secretary Weinberger had only a week earlier testified favorably about phased early deployment. Presumably, he and the chairman are working from the same facts; what separates the two men is the admiral's obvious lack of enthusiasm for SDI. And Crowe is considered one of the strongest advocates of SDI in the uniformed military!

The military establishment's opposition to strategic defense is not direct and public for the obvious reason that on March 23, 1983, SDI became much more than a group of research projects:

Malcolm Wallop is the senior senator from Wyoming.

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it became an initiative singled out by the President. But the opposition is there. Occasionally it has emerged from under the bureaucratic cover of interagency struggles. When former Air Force chief of staff Charles Gabriel, for instance, was being briefed on the development of the Miniature Homing Vehicle Anti-Satellite (ASAT) weapon, a briefing he found exceptionally dull, he reportedly perked up when the briefer boasted that the ASAT could "shoot down anything the SDI could ever put up." Gabriel quipped, "That's the first good thing I've heard about it yet."

At a government-sponsored seminar, former national security adviser Robert McFarlane reportedly accused the Air Force of being "disloyal" because a group of generals went to the Congress in 1984 and lobbied against the SDI program. When current Air Force Chief of Staff General Lawrence Welch was asked about this at the same seminar, he vehemently denied the charge. He then went on to name his five top priorities as the new Air Force commander: SDI was not among them.[1] A member of my staff asked General Welch what priority SDI had for the Air Force. He received a curious answer: SDI is the "top priority" program for the military services, but a deployment decision is a "technical issue, not a political one." Since we are not ready to deploy anything now, according to General Welch, we do not need to raise the question of whether we should deploy or not.

The same sort of logic drives the JCS staff to delay releasing two critical reports: a statement of requirements for strategic defense from the various military commands around the country, and a briefing on the architecture of and cost estimates for an initial SDI deployment.

Charged by the Joint Chiefs of Staff to report on overall defense requirements, the commanders-in-chief of the various military commands feed into the Pentagon a "wish list" of American and allied targets they would like to see defended. This is not an ordering of priorities, but merely a statement of need. Apparently, the commanders-in-chief are adamant that even a marginally effective first phase defense would have significant military benefits. Further, this indicates that many of the present-day commanders hold the view that active strategic defenses are either necessary or would greatly assist them in performing their wartime missions.

Military resistence is overcome only when there is clear, persistent civilian support and supervision of change.

The JCS staff is reportedly sitting on this requirements study for the reason that there do not exist forces today to meet those requirements—a Catch-22. The only way those forces will ever come about is if the military generates a statement of requirements for them. That is how all major weapon programs are begun.

The second study is even more politically volatile, and is essential if advocates of strategic defense within the Congress are successfully to defend the President's budget request for fiscal year 1988, which calls for an increase to $5.8 billion from last year's funding of $3.5 billion. This study, prepared by SDIO, outlines an initial first phase "architecture" and includes cost estimates for each phase and a timeline for development and deployment. It is stuck in the labyrinth of the JCS, being held up by a combination of service hostility to strategic defense, concern over competing budget priorities, and the intensely cautious approach always taken by the military in such matters. The SDIO study apparently concludes that a first phase architecture could begin deployment as early as 1994 (or even earlier if Department of Defense regulations are suspended) at a cost well under $100 billion, much less than critics have argued.

Of course we are not ready to deploy a system tomorrow. We have been out of the strategic defense business for fifteen years, and important testing still needs to be done on key components of a phase-one deployment to make sure that the specific systems we select will do the job. But this does not mean that we cannot make the *political* decision to deploy. John F. Kennedy in 1962 did not say that we would do research until the end of the decade to see if we could go to the moon. He said we would go to the moon by the end of the decade. He set a clear path for our policy-makers and scientists to follow, without specifying exactly how we would get to the moon. SDI needs a similar impetus if it is ever to provide real protection for the American people. The military establishment understands this, and by making the public argument that a deployment decision is a technical issue, not a political one, it seeks to obfuscate the real question and thereby delay indefinitely a deployment decision.

Why is the military opposed to strategic defense? There is no question that the services have a history of resisting change. Major changes in force postures, strategy and tactics, and organization have more often than not come from the outside (as in the case of the recent JCS reorganization and the creation of a Special Forces command) or from a "Billy Mitchell" on the inside (like the role played by Admiral Rickover in the creation of the nuclear submarine force). Military resistance is overcome only when there is clear, persistent civilian support and supervision of change.

A second reason why the military is cool on strategic defense is that there is simply no constituency for it. Of course there are men in uniform, foremost among them General Abrahamson, who are ardent backers of the strategic defense mission. But Abrahamson, and especially supporters of lower rank, must be extremely careful that their advocacy not be seen by superior officers as incompatible with first order service priorities or traditions.

Strategic defense has always been a secondary mission at best for the services that have dabbled in it (the Army and Air Force). It is something to which funds, energy, and political muscle (on Capitol Hill) can be devoted only after all "first order" missions are supported. Of course they never are. The services see lean years ahead for defense and know that funds for strategic defense deployment will have to come at the expense of their more traditional interests. For the Air Force, this means lost tactical fighter wings; for the Navy, Carrier Battle groups; and for the Army, armored and infantry divisions. The parochial JCS "triad" of forces, which controls the programming and budgeting establishment of all three services, grew out of the services' traditional roles in the Second World War. It is natural that they persist.

By contrast, the Soviets' experience created a very different strategic emphasis. Under attack from a superior air enemy (Germany) throughout most of the Second World War, they developed a keen sense of the importance that air defenses can play during battle (tactical air defense) and in providing protection for war-supporting industry (strategic air defense). The Soviets began the development of potent air defense forces during the war and continued to improve them in peacetime. The "revolution in military affairs," Soviet terminology for the advent of nuclear weapons and long-range missilery, only reinforced this emphasis on defense, albeit in untraditional forms. In 1954, the Soviets created a new, separate service for air defense (the PVO Strany) that eventually would encompass interceptor aircraft and surface-to-air missiles to defend against enemy bombers, anti-ballistic missiles to defend against strategic missile attack, and anti-satellite forces to attack enemy space-borne forces and seize control of space in a conflict. All of these missions and supporting forces exist today and have undergone constant modernization. The Soviet Air Defense forces have over 700,000 personnel and are considered the third most important service behind the Red Army and Strategic Rocket Forces. There is no counterpart to this service, or effort, in the United States.

Without a constituency in the U.S. armed forces, strategic defense can never be anything but a stepchild in the competition for service support and funding. Since the 1972 signing of the ABM treaty, only the Army has shown any enthusiasm for strategic defense (mostly to hold onto the one strategic mission area they possess); but still there is no question that if funds are short and "regular" Army programs are not fully funded, strategic defense will be neglected. The same holds true for the other services. Today, no single command of any branch of the U.S. armed forces has the mission to defend the United States from Soviet nuclear attack.[2]

A final reason for military opposition to strategic defense is obvious: A strong advocacy of it threatens many service careers. This is particularly true of that part of the Air Force and Navy that has grown up in an offense-dominated world. The Strategic Air Command (SAC), the Joint Strategic Targeting Planning Staff (JSTPS), and

[1] His top priorities were the Advanced Technology bomber (ATB), the B-1 bomber, the MX missile, the Advanced Technology fighter, and the C-17 transport plane.

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the Navy have been telling us for years that their bombers and missiles will always get through. A strategic defense of the United States would at the very least require an uncomfortable reassessment of this assumption, in which Soviet strategic defenses are conveniently ignored or underrated.

To make matters worse, many of today's senior brass in the Pentagon began their careers during the McNamara years, when Mutual Assured Destruction, crisis management, and arms control first came into vogue, and they haven't changed their thinking. Although Republicans dismantled the civilian organization of McNamara's Pentagon when they came into office in 1981, they did little to change the policy mindset. Indeed, they handed control of the Pentagon back to the military. The problem is that they did not give it back to the sort of military establishment that existed before 1961, which had some notion of strategy and understood that its role as warrior was at least as important as that of military bureaucrat.

Needless to say, without the support of the military establishment, it is unlikely that SDI will progress beyond its current state of indefinite research and programmatic wheel-spinning. Given the way Congress appropriates funds, and the faddishness that research programs are always subject to, SDI will be living on the edge of extinction for the next few years. It will probably not live out the decade unless changes in the program are made, and soon.

Some positive steps have already been taken. The President laid down a clear marker in the State of the Union Address that he will not let the Soviets cripple SDI through arms control, nor will he stand for unilateral constraints imposed on his Administration by Congress. Advocates of strategic defense must remain vigilant to ensure that this clear presidential intention is not subverted. Some inside the Administration are thinking more clearly about SDI, both politically and strategically, and the rhetoric that has emerged thus far, however muted, has already had a strong impact. In a speech before the National Space Foundation on January 22, Secretary Weinberger spoke lucidly about the strategic advantages of phased deployment and advocated an SDI program that would lead "to a decision on deployment as soon as feasible."[3] One need only listen to the cries of the arms controllers that the ABM treaty is in jeopardy to understand that the Administration is on the right track.

The Administration must go beyond rhetoric, though, if it is to capture a consensus in Congress. This means sending to Congress at the earliest possible date a blueprint for initial, phased deployment. Like any blueprint, it must be open to modification, but it must be specific enough to inform Congress of the real benefits to our security that can be achieved through strategic defense.

For the long term, a constituency for strategic defense must be established within the armed forces. If not, strategic defense will always be subject to slow funding strangulation by the Pentagon or outright decapitation by the arms controllers. Whether this means we should create a new military service, as the Soviets did, is unclear. Such a step would be painful, although the United States did create a new service, the Air Force, forty years ago when it appeared wise to do so. A dedicated service may be the only sure way to implant strategic defense into our overall strategic policy.

Finally, our military leaders must come to realize that their opposition to strategic defense does not serve either their interests, unless very narrowly defined, or the nation's. American statesmen need a straightforward military assessment of our strategic predicament, not one filtered through the political lens of parochial service interests. □

[2]The mission of the United States Army Strategic Defense Command is to "conduct a coordinated research program . . . which ensures a timely, energetic, cost effective development of mature and revolutionary technologies for defense against ballistic missiles." The North American Aerospace Defense Command, or NORAD, classifies its mission areas in the following order of priority: (1) warning of missile and bomber attack, (2) tracking and cataloguing earth-orbiting satellites, and (3) "maintaining the *peacetime* sovereignty of United States and Canadian airspace, and providing *limited* defense against an air attack" (my emphasis). The mission of the U.S. Space Command, a product of the JCS system which ensures that all the services get to play or none of them does, is the most artful piece of bureaucratic obfuscation I have seen, and is worth quoting in full if only for the reader's amusement: "The Space Command mission is to manage and operate assigned space assets, to centralize planning, to consolidate requirements, to provide operational advocacy, and to ensure a close interface between research and development activities and operational users of Air Force space programs."

[3]Unfortunately, Mr. Weinberger has recently stated elsewhere that we have "nothing on the shelf" with which to begin SDI deployment. The only explanation for this inconsistency is that Mr. Weinberger, in his obvious enthusiasm for SDI, got out in front of the service chiefs and the Pentagon bureaucrats. Instead of providing the technical information to back up his earlier statements, they left him unaided, forcing him to make a tactical retreat.

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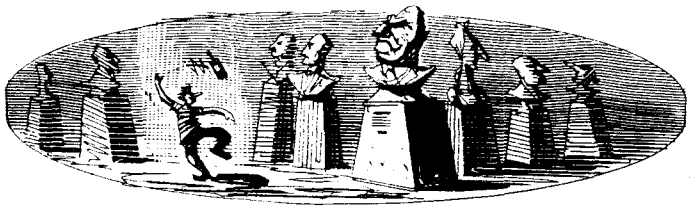


RUSSELL BAKER'S GENTLE REIGN

by Howard Kaplan

This summer at the *New York Times*, July 16 to be exact, Russell Baker's famous column turns an ancient twenty-five. Now I hate to spoil the party in any major kind of way, but never once in all these years has the "Observer" been criticized; a pinprick here and there perhaps, but nothing more sustained. Writers supposedly get pummeled just for being prolific, and if that's the case then Baker is long overdue. Three weekly performances every year for a quarter-century rounds off to 2.9 million words on the calculator or almost triple the mileage of *Remembrance of Things Past*. (One of Baker's favorite wheezes has him trudging through Proust.) That's enough for twenty volumes, a whole shelf of the "Observer," and still the man has never provoked anything but . . . *esteem*.

This, ultimately, is the problem with Baker. He is too nice a guy, too bland in his bones. And it isn't just the utter lack of enemies that tips you off. It's also the two Pulitzer Prizes and the massive syndication, it's the good burghers who rush to blurb the latest Baker book. Mostly, though, it's the approbation of *Time* magazine. If Baker died tomorrow and *Time* ruled the world, his remains would be safe-deposited among the immortals. "To call him a humorist does not contain him," *Time* eulogized in February. "When the story of our times is finally written, historians may find it best defined not by conventional Washington experts but by Baker's down-home wisdom."

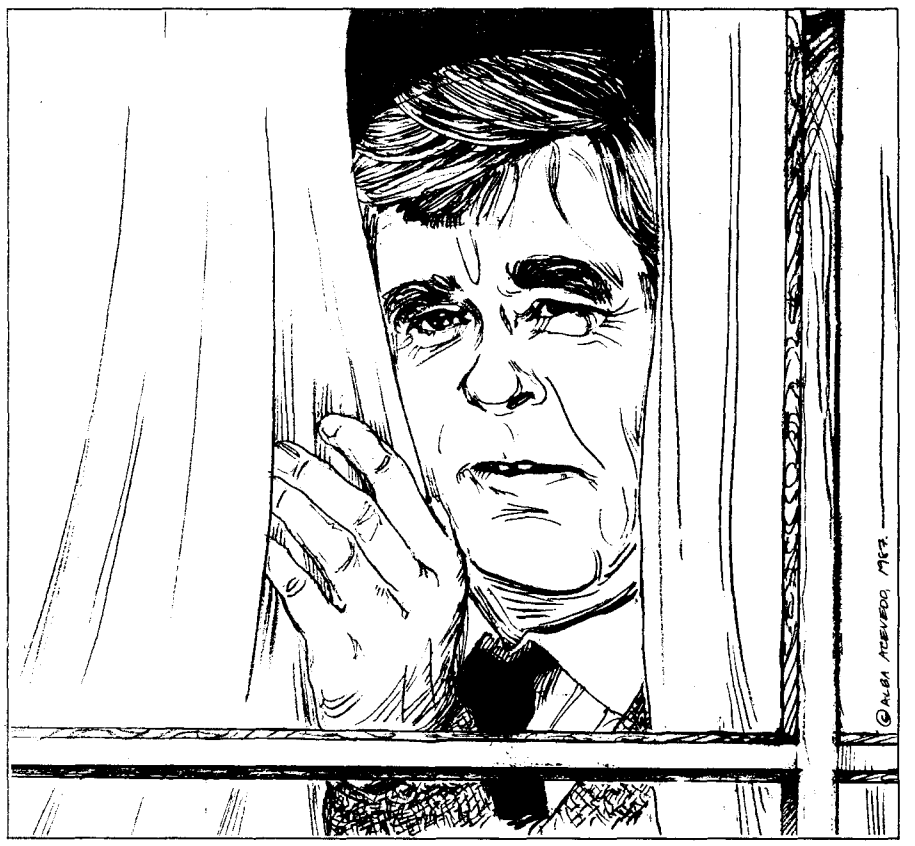
Russell Baker is not the first light essayist who ever lived. He conforms to a type. And that type has been criticized. Incredible but true. Not just criticized but tagged and bagged. From Cyril Connolly's *Enemies of Promise* (1938):

> He made prose artful, and whimsical, he made it sonorous when sonority was not needed, affected when it did not require affectation. . . . He emphasized his gentle irony, his gentle melancholy, his gentle inanity.
>
> In short, he wrote
>
> playfully and apologetically about nothing.

The writer in question is the English essayist Joseph Addison (1672-1719). But substitute Baker's name for "he" and change the verbs to present tense, and the above lines read like an indictment of the "Observer." The gentle irony, the gentle melancholy, the gentle inanity. Exactly! It's as if Baker were Addison come back to life.

A little extracurricular reading only points up the resemblance. At times it's uncanny. Of course Baker himself conceivably had Addison in mind when in 1962 he dubbed his new column the "Observer": Addison's fame largely derives from his periodical, *The Spectator*, the first of its kind devoted exclusively to the light essay. But is Baker aware of the other overlaps? Addison first hit his stride as a professional "columnist" in his friend Richard Steele's earlier journal, *The Tatler*. William Thackeray tells the story in his book of lectures, *The English Humorists*: "Addison, then in Ireland, caught at his friend's notion, poured in paper after paper, and contributed the stores of his mind, the sweet fruits of his reading, the delightful gleanings of his daily observations." He was, Thackeray adds, "six-and-thirty years old" . . . Baker's same exact age at the birth of his own column. Now we can let it go at that, a nice coincidence and so on, but it may explain why the two seem so alike. Thirty-six marks the first of many slow-ups on life's highway. The age itself seems to have locked them into . . . irony, melancholy, and inanity, all "gentle."

Or look at the ideal reader for each. Mr. Spectator comes right out and says, There are none to whom this paper of mine will be more useful "than to the Female World," by which phrase he specifically means London ladies, the women of *bon ton* . . . in spirit the same exact audience favored by Baker.



As he once told an interviewer: "The image I carry in my head of my reader is of a sophisticated, well-educated woman who lives on the Upper East Side of Manhattan. . . . Maybe she's been to Smith, maybe she's slightly liberal."

Which again is perfect too, this business of "slightly liberal." Just as it reflects his own bias so it melds with that of Addison, who worked intermittently for the liberal-spirited Whigs. And even if for certain Baker-ites the columns "don't seem very political," Addison's too by his own admission tried to mute the rumble of partisanship: "I never espoused any Party with Violence, and am resolved to observe an exact Neutrality."

We could do this forever. Even the respective testimonials practically match up word for word. "A great writer and moralist"—that's Thackeray on Addison. "Not a humorist but a moralist"—John Chancellor on Baker. And whether you're anthologizing *The Spectator* or puffing Baker for the millionth time, you must slip in, always, the words "follies" and "foibles," or better—"follies of the day," which each man in his own way is "gently ridiculing."

This is all beginning to sound like a glorious compliment to Baker. Addison is a seminal figure, and here is Baker his apparent avatar. But Addison has been attacked and not by Connolly alone. If this comparison works at all it's only to get at Baker's defects through those of an established name in EngLit. Baker in any case is not the first to follow Addison, or the "Addison-Steele tradition." Rather, he's a dot on a line thick with dots like himself—"the professional humorists, the delicious middlers, the fourth leaders" (Cyril Connolly).

One of the earlier, larger dots is the Romantic essayist William Hazlitt (who didn't discover his vocation until . . . age thirty-six). Like Connolly a century later, Hazlitt was bored by Addison's *Spectator*. He was much more

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Howard Kaplan is a contributing editor of Spy *magazine.*

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a Steele-man who saw in Steele the superior reporter: "Steele seems to have gone into his closet chiefly to set down what he observed out of doors. [But] Addison seems to have spent most of his time in his study." This isn't quite fair of Hazlitt since Mr. Spectator frequently reports on the goings-on at his club. But it's certainly true of Baker in his role as Observer, for whom a better appellation would be, say, the Ruminator or the Cogitator, or the Idler with his Pipe. Nothing is truly "observed" in the reportorial sense; indeed Baker became the "Observer" because he was sick of being a reporter. He complained about it afresh to *Geo* in 1983: "I'd been a reporter for fifteen years. . . . I was sitting around writing about what vital men did, but I wasn't doing anything. I was always a spectator." But from "spectator" to "Observer" hardly seems much of a leap; if anything he's now sitting around writing about what un-vital men do, i.e., Russell Baker. He confessed as much to *House Beautiful* in 1971: "This is the kind of personality I try to create. A middle-age, middle-class, defeated man who doesn't know what's going on." (Gentle melancholy!)

He's almost proud if it, you see. In July 1983, on the occasion of his column's twenty-first birthday, Baker took a look backward to consider his big themes. The majority proved to be "my car and my children and the amusing tribulations of having cars and children." Not to mention "my house, and the entertaining techniques a house can contrive for crushing the owner's spirit." (Gentle irony!) Basically, this is an observer who never leaves his front door. Every magazine profile ever written about Baker lovingly stresses this warm-blooded instinct for home-life. *The Bakers shun the trendy New York social scene, preferring instead to dine quietly with close friends or attend movies and plays.* In Baker's own words: "I'm never terribly comfortable with an 'all boys' group. You know, going up to Elaine's, where all the guys are showing off their bimbos and their sports jackets and so forth." Even the bookish Mr. Spectator was not averse to stepping out. If he were living in New York today he'd have a table at Elaine's. Baker on the other hand pulls the old reverse-snobbery. He doesn't cover the scene, he merely *pronounces* on it.

Baker covers nothing. From one column to the next the scene is never quite "placed" and the speaker himself seems a disembodied voice. What little dialogue or scene-description occurs in the writing is either an obvious fabrication or something espied from an armchair. *For relaxation, Baker watches old movies on television and reads what he calls "trash."* In fact it's these very relaxants that get the Cogitator going. If he exists anywhere in space it's in front of the tube, out of whose flimsiest content he can pad a whole column much as Addison wove Latin tags into *The Spectator.* In Baker's *Rescue of Miss Yaskell,* his last collection to date, he frequently kicks off a piece in the glare of blue light:

Watching television weather reporters rave about the wind chill factor always reminds me . . .

If you've been missing me lately around the dance hall on Friday nights, folks, it's because I have been riveted to my parlor telly . . .

As always when "The Mummy" is shown on television, I was riveted to my armchair the other night . . .

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The thing about the Cogitator is that, insular as he is, he'd sooner pluck out his eyes than map the island of his soul. His crotchets, fidgets, inconsistencies, minor incapacities, small humiliations, aches and pains, slow burns, peccadillos, pet peeves, runny nose—these *are* okay, and he discusses them freely (the assumption being these are also *our* pet peeves, *our* peccadillos). But beyond this it would only

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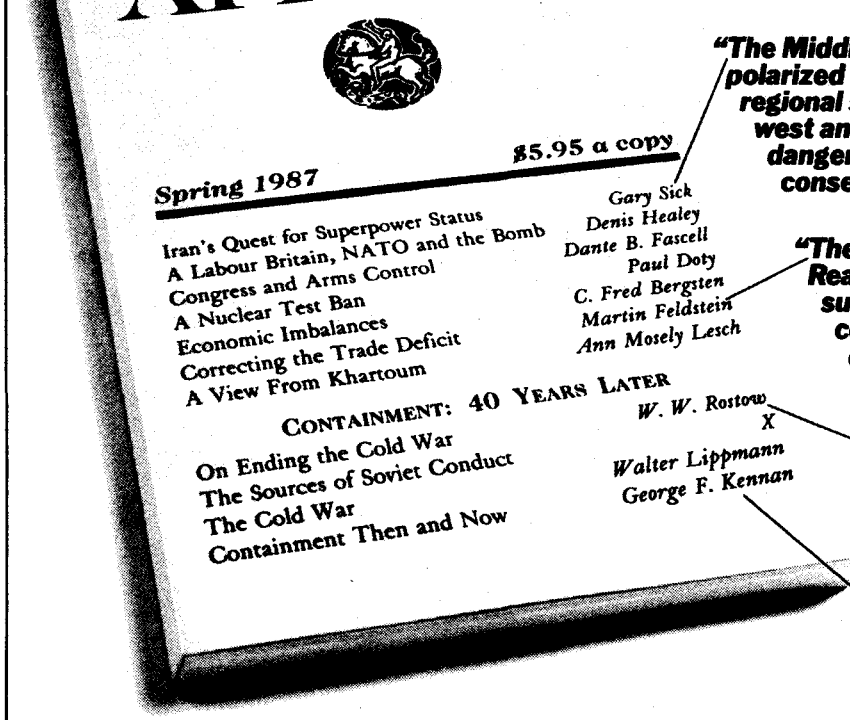
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get messy for everyone, and you can read him for years and never get below the surface unless you count various ineptitudes as the ultimate in confession. And here once again he pairs up with his predecessor. "I'm not," he once said, "for a constant bombardment of truth," and it sounds like a paraphrase of a line from *The Spectator*: "There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion."

Well, perhaps in the mind of man, but is that what we want from our writers? This issue is at the heart of a critical study of Addison by Bonamy Dobrée, published in 1925. Baker was born the same year, and it's as if Dobrée's judgments touched the infant in his cradle. For instance, Dobrée speaks of Addison's "quite unaffected contentment with the insignificant," his "talent for committing to paper what oft was thought, no doubt, but was scarcely worth the labor of expressing." Baker's own flair for the trivial first declared itself in high school. In his memoir *Growing Up* (1982) he describes how he came to write his first successful essay, "The Art of Eating Spaghetti," and how "even Mr. Fleagle stopped two or three times to repress a small prim smile" while reading it out loud. Though now lost to the world, "The Art of Eating Spaghetti" by its mere title alone has to stand as the prototypical Russell Baker "Observer" piece; that is, a high burlesque treatment of "the insignificant." (Gentle inanity!) Baker's titles have gotten a tad more sophisticated since high school, but in effect he's still churning out the old freshman themes —The Art of Dining In, say, or The Art of Crossing a Street in Midtown, both of which in Baker's hands become lessons in futility; respectively, how to eat junk food and how to get yourself killed.

It is all so "eminently safe," to quote Dobrée again. Of all his judgments this is easily the most crushing. A writer like Baker doubtless could make a fair case for the significance of "the insignificant." But "eminently safe"? Who would fight for "eminently safe"? Of course even in his tussles, his fits of contrariety, Baker always remains lovable. It is part of the curse of the eminently safe. Baker's very first "Observer" piece back in July of '62 was a spoof of President Kennedy and his press conference manner. Baker has since referred to it as "an insolent squawk," but really it's just a squeak, the kind of cute little jest that prompts governmental aides to say, "Nobody, I assure you, enjoyed it more than the President." Not exactly what you'd call a *succès de scandale*. And when, in the following weeks, Baker courageously spoke out on such contemporary hot potatoes as political jargon, opinion polls, and the introduction of bucket seats, the Observer's voice was set forever in the key of middle C.

This is why a certain comparison made of Baker is ridiculous. In 1979 Baker's boss, Max Frankel, wrote: "Not since Mencken has our profession produced such a star." This encomium occurs in the official nominating letter that helped put a Pulitzer in the Cogitator's pocket. Along with his letter Frankel enclosed ten columns, a kind of "Best of Baker" from 1978. Just a quick glance at several shows their eminent safeness, their remoteness from Mencken; what Hazlitt, speaking of *The Spectator*, called the huge "proportion of common-place matter":

> You have to be fast nowadays. Things go by at such a rate!
>
> There are many definitions of art.
>
> In my experience things that are widely acclaimed as healthy usually turn out to be bad for you.
>
> Nowadays Americans come to New York to be alone.
>
> The papers keep saying the dollar is weak. This is nonsense. The truth is that the dollar is absolutely powerless.

Probably this was what *Time* meant by "down-home wisdom." Check out, too, the following gem dropped in an interview: "I'm always uneasy dealing with anything . . . religious." So where Mencken was a mocker and most fundamentally *Mencken*, Baker is as circumspect as a turkey in October. Dobree's words come back to haunt: "The thoughts that he developed in his modulated phrases seemed to many exactly the things they also were thinking. . . . In effect, *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* did not lead public opinion, they expressed it."

Baker fled Washington for New York in 1974, and among Baker aficionados this is still a hot issue. Which Baker is better—pre-'74 or post-'74? I would submit this is not the true watershed. Even I can see his good points, and for my money his first two collections are his best: *No Cause for Panic* (1964) and *All Things Considered* (1965). The observations are direct, even smart; the gentle inanity is soft-pedaled; he has not yet learned to depend on the tube. Seven years went by before his next collection appeared, and if these are the kernels you wonder what was winnowed out. *Poor Russell's Almanac* (1972) smells of greeting card cuteness and Murphy's Law melancholia. No wonder it was the last collection of his to be published . . . until, that is, *So This is Depravity* (1980), which just so happened to follow his Pulitzer by a year and probably never would have come out if it hadn't been for that. The Cogitator here was now a full-blown presence, and he has never, ever, left us for a moment.

So for me the real watershed is '65-'66, which puts the number of his "good" columns at five or six hundred. If only he'd stopped there! It would have tallied so beautifully with Addison's modest efforts. The first series of *The Spectator* ran daily for over a year, from March 1, 1711 to December 12, 1712 (nos. 1-555); the second series ran three times a week, from June to November 1714 (nos. 556-635). After that Addison killed it. He for one knew when to quit. □

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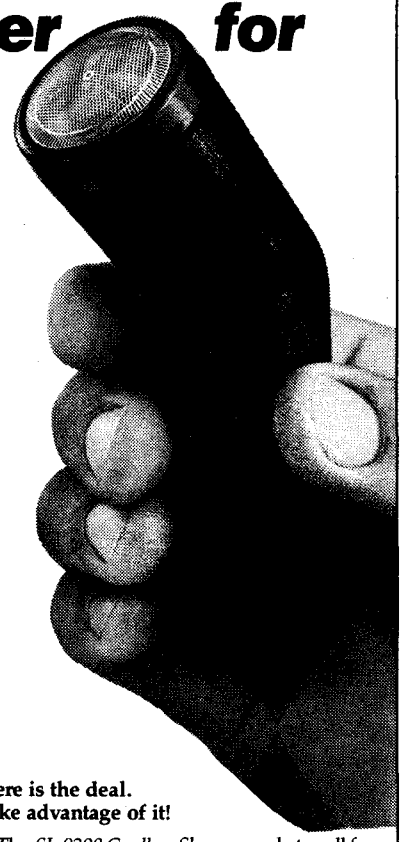

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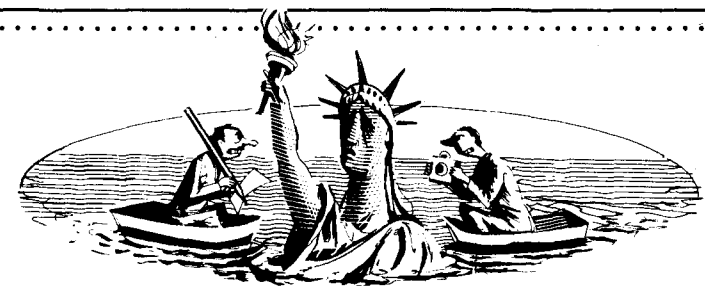


EXPOSING A DISASTER

by Michael Ledeen

The biggest story of the year—perhaps the biggest story of the decade—was buried in the pages of the country's leading newspapers, and only surfaced because of the enterprise of a journalist from the *Detroit News*, who apparently reads the wire services more carefully than do his more celebrated colleagues at the networks and in the famous dailies and weeklies.

The story is something out of the Pentagon's worst nightmares. As most educated citizens are aware, a good deal of our ability to deter a Soviet attack against the United States hinges on our technological superiority in certain key areas of warfare. This edge enables us—or so we like to believe—to convince the USSR that any attack, or threat of attack, against us would be madness, because we would always be in a position to deliver a terrible blow to them in return.

Part of this theory of deterrence hinges on our ability to keep our submarines invulnerable to Soviet surprise attack, and also on our ability to detect Soviet submarines if they get too close to our shores. For many years, this advantage was considerable; now, all of a sudden, the situation has changed. The Soviet Union has obtained the ability to manufacture submarine propellers that are far quieter than anything they could produce in the past. This alarming development has taken place because the Soviets were able to purchase the technology for the production of these deadly-quiet propellers from two of our own allies: Japan and Norway. The sale violated agreements with the United States and the regulations of CoCom (the international Coordinating Committee on Trade in Paris, which regulates the flow of Western technology to the Soviet bloc).

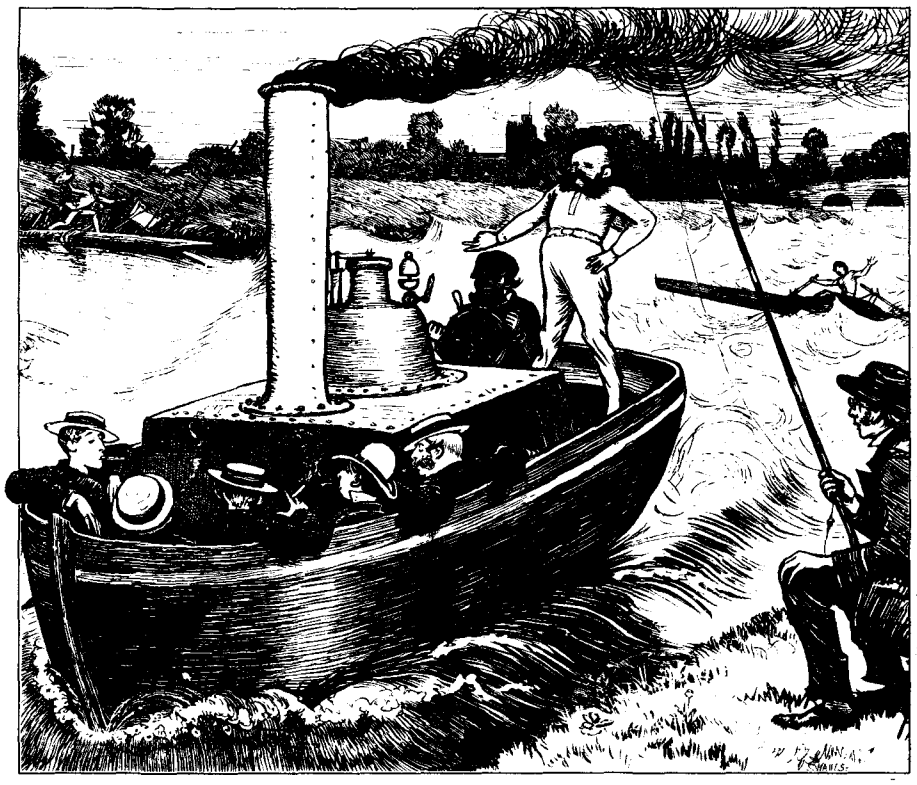
Unlike some of the spectacular diversions of Western high technology to the Soviet Union, which were the work of the KGB or the GRU, this one appears to have been a simple matter of blind greed triumphing over concern for the well-being of the Western world. Toshiba in Japan (a private corporation) and Kongsberg Vaapenfabrikk in Norway (a wholly state-owned entity) sold the Russians both the hardware and the computer software needed to build a computer-aided manufacturing facility for the quiet propellers.

It is hard to imagine a greater catastrophe in the field of military technology, and it is hard to imagine a more fascinating or explosive story. While a handful of Washington insiders knew about this matter early in the year, it first surfaced publicly in a Reuters story out of Oslo, dated March 22 ("Soviet Submarines Said Improved by Norwegian Technology"). The Reuters dispatch contained the story's basic ingredients: the fact that it appeared that law had been violated, since, according to the Norwegian defense minister, "firms were barred from exporting material that could damage NATO"; the frightening information that while "NATO experts had previously been able to detect Soviet submarines at a range of about 100 miles," the range may have been reduced to about five miles as a result of the illegal sale; and that the United States government was seriously concerned about the matter.

There the story rested for more than a month, when, so far as I can establish, it was reported for the first time in the American press by John E. Peterson of the *Detroit News*. And, as befits a story of such significance, the *News* put it on the front page ("Toshiba Aided Soviets with Sub Technology"). Peterson had spoken with several people in the Pentagon, one of whom summarized the situation nicely:

> Last year, our sophisticated underwater sonar detectors began picking up silent-prop Soviet submarines offshore that we hadn't managed to track. . . . It was apparent the Soviets had managed to leapfrog into a technology they weren't capable of producing on their own.
>
> The situation was like *The Hunt for Red October*. Unfortunately, that was fiction; this is fact.

And Peterson found some CoCom documents that dealt with the deal, one of which stated: "There's no doubt this was an unequivocal violation of CoCom regulations."



By the time Peterson wrote his story, it had already come to the attention of members of Congress, who were quite rightly enraged, both because of the diversion itself, and because the State Department had argued against any punitive measures against the two companies (or governments). A "senior staff official on the Senate Banking Committee" said that he was outraged "that the State Department would intervene in this matter, given the gravity of the threat to our national security caused by this sale. There's no doubt it alters the strategic balance." And even Democratic Senator Donald Riegle of Michigan called for Reagan to "take the strongest possible action against both Toshiba and Kongsberg."

That was the basic story, and one would have expected it to become one of the hottest items of the spring. It didn't, since the major media chose to downplay it. The *Wall Street Journal* covered it briefly on page 36 on April 30. Reporter Eduardo Lachica noted one of the more interesting consequences of the event in a curious sentence: a Senate Banking Committee aide said that, if true, the "violations could 'damage' the committee's efforts to approve new legislation to ease existing export-control regulations . . ."

In other words, Congress had intended to weaken the American government's ability to stop the flow of sensitive technology to the Soviet bloc, and this case was bad news for those congressional leaders who were pushing the new laws.

The next day the *Journal* followed up on the story on page 20, reporting that the Japanese had searched Toshiba's offices and factories, but did not note that this was a unique event in Japan; never before had the government taken such steps against a Japanese corporation. The Japanese were promising to take stern action against Toshiba if the story proved true.

The *New York Times* buried the story on an inside page in the business section, and the *Washington Post* gave

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virtually no coverage to the matter. With the exception of ABC, which covered the story in early May (complete with an interview with Secretary Weinberger), no network covered it.

The best treatment of the story, two full months after it first surfaced, appeared in *Business Week* in the May 18 edition. The magazine opined that "whatever the two companies gained by helping the Soviets could be overshadowed by new problems in the U.S." But it was not to be.

By mid-May the Japanese had announced their punitive measures. The facts were confirmed, and the government of Japan ordered Toshiba to refrain from any trade with the Soviet bloc . . . for one year! Furthermore, the giant trading company, C. Itoh, which had arranged the deal in the first place, was similarly ordered to refrain from any further operations with the Soviets for 90 days. Now there's vigorous enforcement for you.

Meanwhile, in Norway, the plot thickened. At the time of this writing (May 18), the Norwegians had arrested a British citizen (a Mr. Green) involved in foreign sales for Kongsberg, and the British government was said to be investigating Green's connections with the KGB. Norway was studying steps to take against the firm. But this, too, received scant coverage in the American press.

Why was this story not more vigorously pursued? And why has the American government not been more aggressive in demanding that severe punishment be meted out to the Japanese and Norwegians who have so frightfully undermined our national security? There seem to be two main explanations. First is the never-ending efforts by officials of the Department of State to avoid nasty exchanges with foreign countries. The Pentagon had proposed real steps against Toshiba, ranging from a ban on all U.S. government purchases to a demand for compensation (Pentagon officials estimate that the sale to the Soviets will cost tens of *billions* of dollars to American taxpayers). The State Department officials involved in the question fought all such efforts, and, at least for the moment, seem to have prevailed.

Second, in line with the State Department's efforts to be nice to everyone, even those who sell out our national security, are the efforts of members of Congress to make sure that no one can punish countries or companies that violate existing international agreements, and to weaken any effort in the U.S. government to monitor and control East-West trade. These are the famous "rope sellers" Lenin so loved.

Since the American public would be outraged if the facts were brought out in a persistent investigation by major media, it is doubly regrettable that the media failed to develop the story. It is simply another example of the inability of some of our best journalists and editors to recognize the crucial events of our time. It's easier to follow sexual politics or to bash the politicians. So full marks to the *Detroit News* and demerits to most of the others.

One final point is in order: for much of the intellectual community, the very idea of export controls is anathema, a kind of international know-nothingism. This despite the fact that, until quite recently, American corporations have shown an amazing willingness to sell our own best technology to foreign companies (not least of which is Japan). One of the leaders in the campaign against any effort to protect our own technology is Robert B. Reich, the adviser to Democratic candidates for President (and one of Gary Hart's gurus). In an article in the May issue of the *Atlantic*, entitled "The Rise of Techno-Nationalism," Reich inveighs against efforts to develop and protect American science and technology. Indeed, he seems to feel that the major threat to American security

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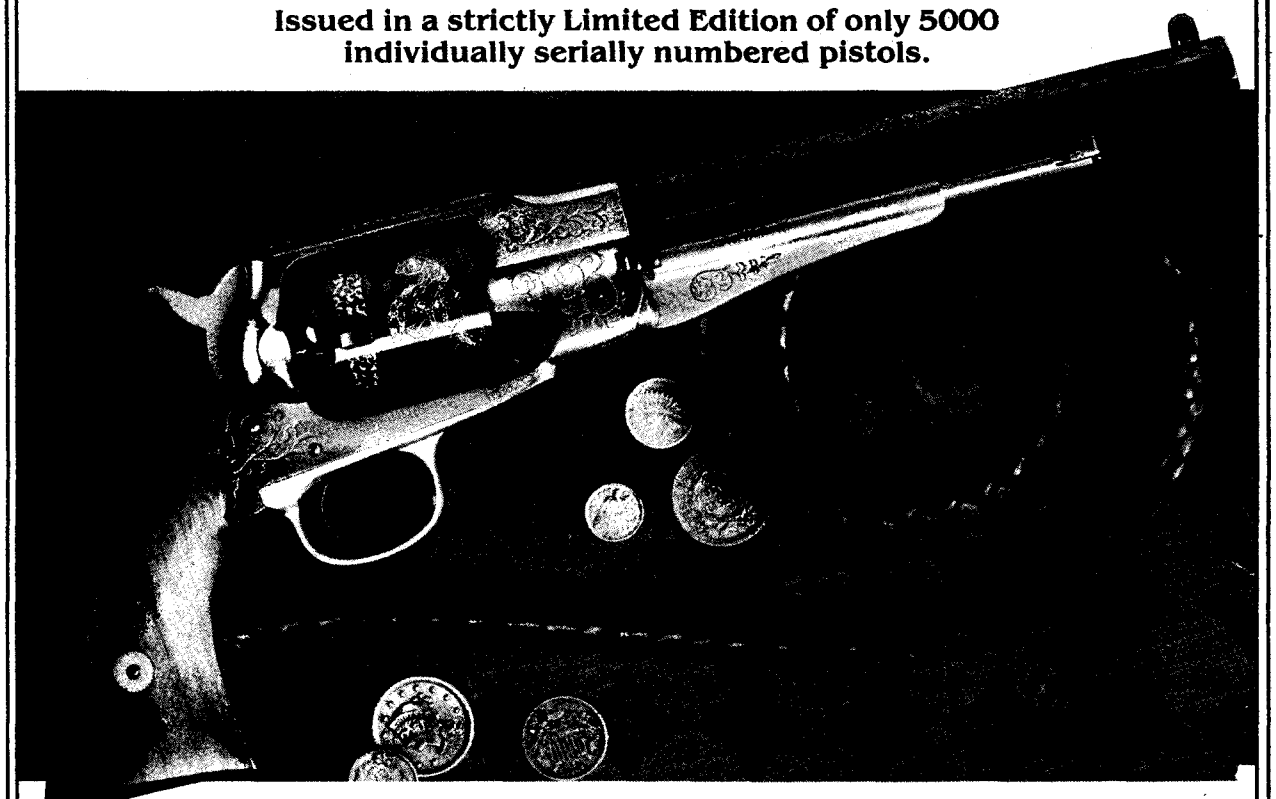

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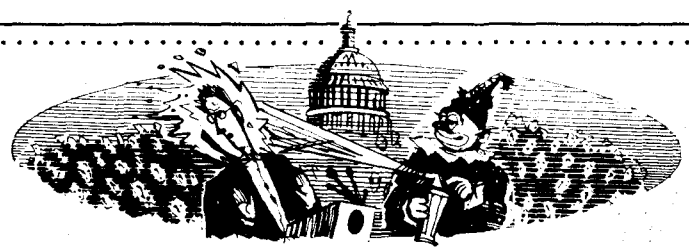
comes from those very few initiatives that move in the direction of protecting American security. For example:

•(Referring to efforts by the White House and the National Science Foundation to spur American R & D) "The overriding goal of these initiatives is to protect future American technological breakthroughs from exploitation at the hands of foreigners, especially the Japanese. . . . This new principle presumes the possibility—indeed, the necessity—of viewing American technology as a body of knowledge separate and distinct from that possessed by other nations." Reich derides this view.

•"The warnings now issuing from Washington . . . mistakenly assume that high-tech gadgets are like strategic raw materials—the kind of thing that one shouldn't have to depend on a foreign power to supply. But the analogy is inapt. These days our security depends less on ready access to blueprints or materials than on our collective ability to apply knowledge . . ."

This may be credible with regard to allies, but it is folly with regard to enemies like the Soviet Union. The KGB, which spends billions every year to steal our high technology, rightly regards high-tech gadgets as a strategic resource. By focusing on Japan, and leaving out the entire question of East-West strategic trade, Reich begs the central question. □

AMERICAN DOCUMENT



RIGHT ANGER

by Jim Courter

What we learn from the Iran-Contra hearings is more important than the hearings themselves. The facts are important—but the lessons are essential.

One thing we should learn here is that there is always tension between two legitimate constitutional needs. On the one hand is an Administration's need to protect classified information, sensitive programs, and covert operations. On the other hand is the need for congressional knowledge and oversight. Congress has a right to know how the chief executive is conducting the nation's business. That need must be met with confidence and nondisclosure, where appropriate. When the harmonious relationship between Congress and President breaks down, everything suffers. The Administration doesn't give, and Congress doesn't get, information. Programs are scrubbed, sensitive operations are damaged, foreign governments distance themselves, and Americans lose.

Second, we should learn that when the Constitution is working, the chief executive has primacy in foreign policy, but Congress also has a role. When the Founding Fathers gave Congress power over revenues, they dealt Congress in. But this relationship has been changing. Congress has been pushing for a wider role in foreign policy, with the War Powers Act, the Clark Amendment, and similar restrictions.

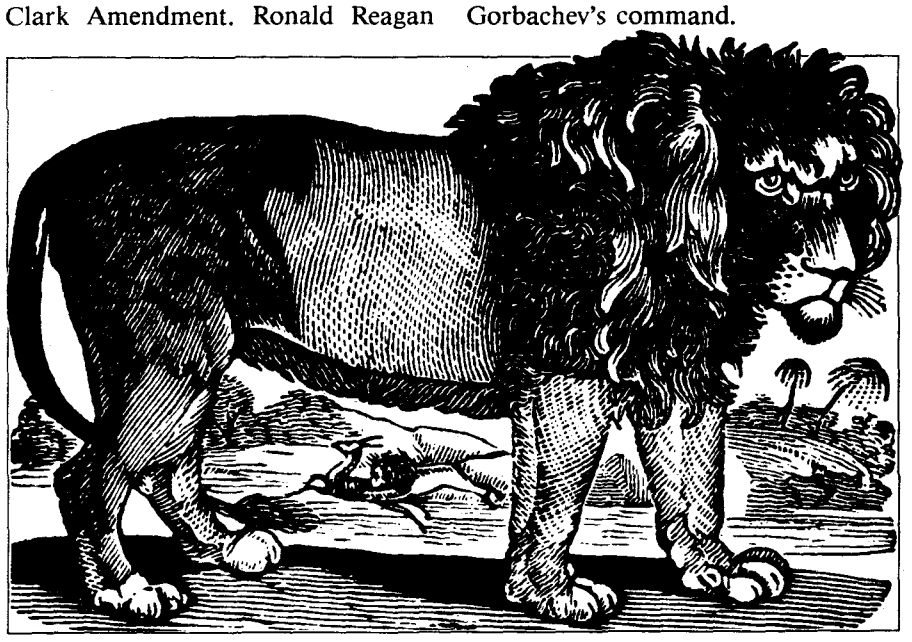
What can we learn from this trend? What are its fruits? And finally, what about this President—any President?

When Ronald Reagan was elected President in 1980, a major reason was his understanding of what was wrong and his clear vision for the future. Yet instead of taking the case for the Nicaraguan freedom fighters to the people, Ronald Reagan's Administration went covert. It seemed easier for Reagan's White House to find "holes" in the Boland Amendment than to challenge the wisdom of that measure, its isolationism, its constitutionality. In fact, the Reagan Administration's whole foreign policy approach is marked by a kind of camouflage, by a refusal to take America into its confidence, to say what must be done and then to do it.

Candidate Ronald Reagan said he wanted to turn the ship of state around. The captain of this Administration has been turning it so slowly he hopes no one will notice. Ronald Reagan said he wanted to support the freedom fighters in Angola. Yet it was Congress, without Reagan's support, that repealed the Clark Amendment. Ronald Reagan said the Soviet Union was an "evil empire" that couldn't be trusted to keep its agreements. Yet Congress had to force Ronald Reagan to publish Soviet treaty violations.

Ronald Reagan once said he wanted the Communist Sandinistas to "cry uncle," yet it was his Administration's policy to use the freedom fighters only to interdict arms shipments to El Salvador, to pretend we weren't mining Nicaraguan waters against Soviet and Cuban ships, and to rely on the "Contadora process" to push the Soviets out of the Western hemisphere.

It was the President who traded a spy for an innocent journalist kidnapped by Gorbachev—and then said he didn't make a deal. It was his Administration that stood by when Major Nicholson bled to death on the concrete in Berlin, when petty officer Stethem was murdered by terrorists in Beirut, when a passenger plane was shot from the skies over the Sea of Japan. And it was Ronald Reagan who ran to Reykjavik at Gorbachev's command.



Ronald Reagan chopped down trees in 1980 and hinted at what he would do to Iran if the hostages weren't returned. Yet Ronald Reagan's Administration is being chopped down by its secret eagerness to trade with terrorists while publicly denying it would ever do that.

It is Ronald Reagan who says he is for deploying the Strategic Defense Initiative. But it is his Administration's policy to postpone deployment and engage in a lawyer's dispute about the words of a treaty that should never have been signed.

This Administration's lack of frankness sometimes appalls me. Ronald Reagan should have had the courage of Ronald Reagan's convictions. You can't just sneak policy up on the American people. Who but Ronald Reagan is to blame for jeopardizing that which he himself wanted to do?

It didn't take Congress long to discover this White House was empty. In politics, too, nature abhors a vacuum. Congress rushed in to fill it—with the Boland Amendment, with restraints on new weapons procurements, lately with the threat of forcing America to live within the SALT II treaty limits. When the President has abdicated, the solution is simple: let Congress be President!

It may seem odd, but the Constitution only works when each branch stands up for its proper powers and rights. When the President uses "cooperation" as an excuse to give up on its foreign policy, the executive branch loses its ability to conduct foreign policy. This is where President Reagan has brought us in our Constitution's bicentennial year. □

Jim Courter is a congressman from New Jersey. This article is adapted from his opening statement at the Joint Hearings of the Senate and House Committees Investigating Arms Sales to Iran.

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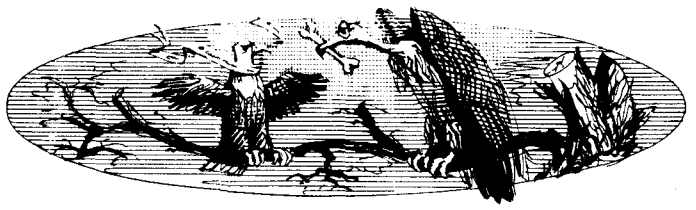

OUTLAW PORN

by Ernest van den Haag

The Meese report on pornography was released last year and is now old hat. Perhaps this is a good time to examine with some detachment the question on which it sought to shed light: Should we continue to outlaw pornography while, in effect, tolerating it? Should we legalize it? Or should we find a method of outlawing it effectively?

For those who wish to legalize pornography the answer is simple. Whether or not pornography is distasteful or morally harmful, it affects only those who buy it. The government is not in charge of their morals. It is part of one's freedom to make choices that are harmful to oneself, or disapproved by others. Those offended by pornography can readily refrain. There is no need for the law to protect them; no one compels them to see X-rated movies, or buy pornographic magazines. Legitimate questions about advertising, public visibility, and access by children are marginal and could be solved by plain wrappers, inconspicuous signs, and so on.

Surely the people who want to legalize pornography are right—if, as they contend, pornography does no harm to those who do not volunteer to buy it. This is the question the Meese Commission addressed. The Commission has been ridiculed by all the usual "civil libertarians." However, if one actually looks at its report he finds that the Commission did quite reasonable work in trying to answer the question it focused on: does pornography lead to crime? If it does, obviously it harms persons who did not volunteer for the harm, and are entitled to protection, provided that protection is consistent with constitutional principles.

The Commission decided that pornography, particularly sado-masochistic pornography, stimulates, to say the least, sex crimes. One can argue about this. There is a chicken and egg problem: does the prospective rapist consume pornography because he independently is a prospective rapist, or is it the pornography which causes, or stimulates, a disposition to rape that did not pre-exist or was minor? Which comes first? Whatever the case, there seems to be little doubt that a disposition to commit sex crimes may be strengthened, or activated, by pornography which appears to legitimize it and to weaken internal restraints. The general evidence strongly suggests that crime can be stimulated by communications, ideas, and by sensations aroused by movies or books. Few sayings are as silly as the dictum attributed to Jimmy Walker (the late New York mayor) to the effect that "No girl has ever been seduced by a book." Books do not seduce directly any more than whiskey does. But they help. After all, even if one discounts the "sexual revolution," he cannot deny that sexual mores have changed over time, owing not to changes in biology, but to changed ideas and sentiments that infect people and lead them to action.

But pornography is not the only thing that may lead to sex crime, and certainly it does so only sometimes. Many people consume it without being led to crime. Others become criminals without pornography. Further, alcohol too may lead to crime, or TV violence—indeed myriad things. We cannot outlaw everything, not even every communication, that sometimes leads to crime. Why then outlaw pornography?

If the Meese Commission conclusion—let's prohibit pornography because it may lead to crime—does not quite follow from its evidence, the idea of some feminists, that pornography is a male conspiracy against females to exploit them, and foster violence against them, is even less well founded. Pornography exploits sex, not females. The criminal effects are not intended, let alone conspired for. Women are accidental. Pornographers would be just as willing to present pictures of males as of females—if there were a market for them. There isn't, except for male homosexuals, who indeed are catered to by pornographers. Most females—be it for cultural, psychological, or biological reasons—do not seem to want to consume pornography. Actually males, who spend good money for the stuff, are more, not less, exploited than the females who earn it. At any rate, I can't see exploitation (a cloudy concept to begin with, meaning not much more than "I don't like it") since both buyers and sellers volunteer, and both have alternatives. They do what they want to do; they are not compelled to do it. Exploitation without compulsion is hard to figure out. [1]

Okay, forget about the feminists. Why should we punish the sale of pornography? (Nobody advocates prior restraint—censorship—which is a pseudo-issue.) The Meese Commission reason—that it may lead to crime—is not sufficient. Are there other reasons? I believe there are. The social damage pornography does is greater, yet more diffuse than indicated by individual crimes. Just as chemical pollution may erode stones, statues, and buildings, so pornography erodes civility and our social institutions.

By definition, pornography de-individualizes and dehumanizes sexual acts; by eliminating the contexts it reduces males and females simply to bearers of impersonal sensations of pleasure and pain. This dehumanization eliminates the empathy that restrains us ultimately from sadism and non-consensual acts. The cliché-language and the stereotyped situations of characters not characterized, except sexually, are defining characteristics of pornography: the pornographer avoids distraction from the masturbatory fantasy by avoiding art and humanity. Art may "cancel lust" (as Santayana thought) or sublimate it. The pornog-

Ernest van den Haag is the John M. Olin Professor of Jurisprudence and Public Policy at Fordham University.

[1] Depiction of females merely as sexual objects, or expressions of hostility to them, and of contempt, and depictions of sadistic humiliation, are sometimes called "exploitation." If not exploitative, pornography of this sort is certainly antisocial. One may favor prohibition for this reason as much as for the sake of women.

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rapher desublimates it. Those who resort to pornographic fantasies habitually are people who are ungratified by others (for endogenous or external reasons). They seek gratification in using others, in inflicting pain (sometimes in suffering it), at least in their fantasy. In this respect, *The Story of O*, which, itself pornographic, also depicts the (rather self-defeating) outcome of pornographic fantasy, is paradigmatic.

In a sense, pornographic and finally sadistic literature is anti-human. Were it directed against a specific human group—e.g., Jews or blacks—the same ideologues who now oppose outlawing pornography might advocate prohibiting it. Why should humanity as such be less protected than any of the specific groups that compose it? That the sexualized hate articulated is directed against people in general, rather than against only Jews or blacks, makes it no less dangerous; on the contrary, it makes it as dangerous to more people.

But shouldn't an adult be able to control himself and read or see, without enacting, what he knows to be wrong or, at least, illegal? Perhaps he should. But we are not dealing with a homogeneous group called grownups, nor is it possible in the modern American environment to limit anything to adults; children and adolescents are not supervised enough. Further the authority of their supervisors has been diminished too much to make effective supervision possible. As for grownups, many are far from the self-restrained healthy type envisaged by democratic theory. They may easily be given a last, or first, push by the materials I would like to see prohibited.

Now, if these materials had artistic, indeed any but pornographic value, we would have to balance the loss against the importance of avoiding their deleterious influence. We may even be ready to sacrifice some probable victims for the sake of this artistic value. But pornographic "literature" is without literary value. It is printed but it is not literature. Else it cannot be defined as pornography. Hence there is nothing to be lost by restricting it, and much to be gained.

Self-restrained and controlled individuals exist and function in an environment which fosters reasonable conduct—but few such individuals will be created, and they will function less well, in an environment where they receive little social support, where sadistic acts are openly held up as models and sadistic fantasies are sold to any purchaser. To be sure, a virtuous man will not commit adultery. But a wise wife will avoid situations where the possibility is alluring and the opportunity available. Why must society lead its members into temptation and then punish them when they do what they were tempted to do?

Pornography affects the quality of our lives. It depreciates emotional ties and individual relationships in favor of fungible ones, in which physical pleasure is, in principle, separated from any emotional or even personal relationships. Yet, without "emotional ties which hold the group together," according to Freud there is "the cessation of all feelings of consideration" and therewith social disintegration and crime.

Pornography undermines the social bond on which human association—from family to nation—must depend, which deters most of us, most of the time, from using our neighbors as we please, without regard to their own preferences. We are taught, and most of us learn, to perceive others as ends in themselves and not merely as means to our pleasure. This learning is the basis of society. Yet it is precarious. We need to be socialized continuously. Pornography undermines the internal restraints on which society must depend and which the criminal law with its sanctions can reinforce, but not create. This seems quite enough to limit

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pornography (we will never succeed in doing more). No need (or possibility) to prove a direct and unavoidable relationship to crime. Such a direct causal relationship is likely occasionally, perhaps often. But it is largely beside the point, when compared to the erosion of the social bond.

I prefer to live in a society in which public invitations to do without love in individual relationships, to regress to an infantile level of sexuality, stripped of emotion, are not persistently extended. Such invitations are all too likely to be tempting. We all are vulnerable to regression. After all, we all developed laboriously and with much social effort from antisocial infants into acceptable adults. Invitations to regression should not be socially endorsed. Wherefore the case for prohibition of obscenity seems to be quite strong regardless of whether pornography can be shown to be among the many causes of crime.

Interstate commerce in pornography is already illegal under federal statutes, and intrastate pornography is illegal in most states. As interpreted by the Supreme Court, the First Amendment does not protect pornography, defined as that which (1) taken as a whole predominantly appeals to the prurient interest (a morbid interest in sex); (2) lacks serious literary, scientific, artistic, or political value (i.e., does not predominantly offer new ideas, or aesthetic experiences); and (3) describes sexual conduct in ways judged to be patently offensive by the standards of the community in which the material is sold.

These legal criteria are rather porous. For instance, the depiction of intercourse with animals may be legal, since it may not appeal to the prurient interest of the average person. The depiction of excretion may be legal since it may not appeal to the prurient interest of the average person either. The standards of the local community are vague (and costly to ascertain), unless the jury is taken to mean the community. The Court could have been more concrete and specific.

Further, present law requires that the material at issue be considered "as a whole" to determine whether it "predominantly" appeals to the prurient interest. This makes perfect sense for, say, novels, works meant to be taken as a whole; but no sense for periodicals, which, by definition, consist of independent articles or pictures. Why should it not be sufficient if some pictures, or other contributions to a periodical, are obscene, even if the rest consists of non-obscene essays? The non-obscene material usually serves as camouflage or pretense. For a movie, if more than five percent of its running time is devoted to images which, taken in isolation, would be regarded as obscene, the movie should be so regarded.

Traditionally pornography has not been thought to be protected by the First Amendment. The idea that the First Amendment licenses pornographers, though widespread, is quite recent. It has no legal basis. Further, the First Amendment prohibits only abridging freedom of speech and of the press. Yet current interpretations have led the courts to conclude that the First Amendment protects "expression" (such as nude dancing) as well. Although expression, dancing is certainly not speech, let alone print. Nothing in the First Amendment protects speechless expression, such as music or dance, or for that matter, pictures.

Thus, in accordance with the First Amendment, legislatures cannot abridge the communication of information, or of ideas. But pornography, as defined by the courts, is bereft of either. Legislatures can constitutionally allow pornography, or nude dancing. But they need not. The legal question is not can we prohibit pornography. (The answer is yes.) What is in dispute in each case is only whether this material is obscene according to the legal definition given above.

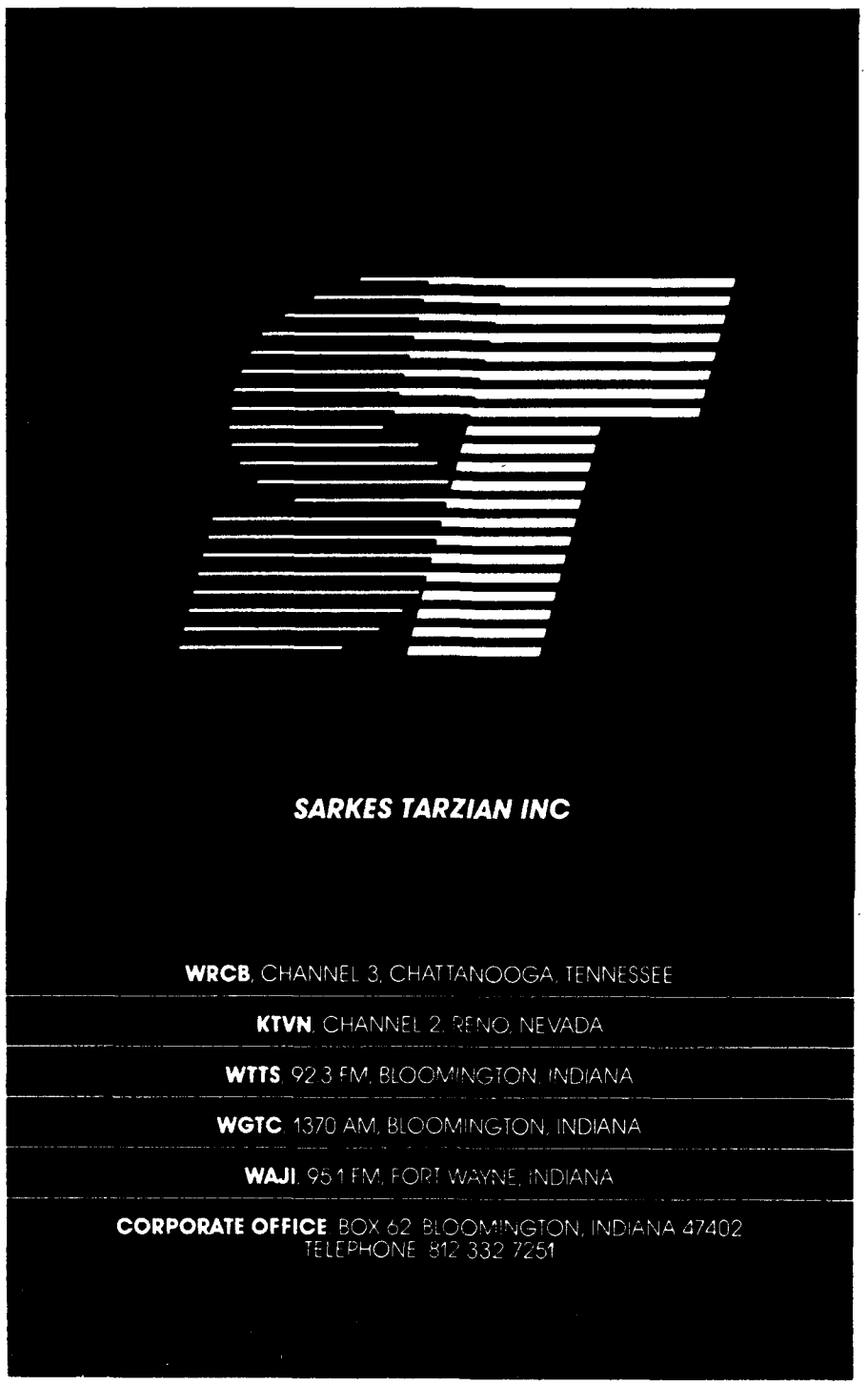
Of course there will be doubtful cases—but no more so than in other areas of the law. Courts exist to decide doubtful cases, and can do so in this area as well as in any other. Standards of obscenity vary over time. Yet at any time there are standards discoverable by the courts. There is no great difficulty in discerning them—as lawyers are aware, though they often pretend otherwise. Yet, although often professing to be unable to distinguish obscene from non-obscene material, lawyers do not expose their genitals in court. They must have some knowledge of prevailing standards.

Depiction of the nude body, even in alluring poses, is no longer regarded as offensive. Nor is explicit prose. Visual depictions that focus on the genitals—rather than merely to include them—are. Detailed and explicit visual depictions of genital actions, including copulation, masturbation, and depiction of genital arousal, are prurient and offensive. So are prurient depictions which make public what traditionally has been private and intimate.

The perception of pornographic qualities in any work depends on literary or aesthetic criticism. Therefore, some argue, it is a matter of opinion. In court, serious critics often behave as though they believed criticism to be a matter of opinion. But why be a critic—and teach in universities—if it involves no more than uttering capricious and arbitrary opinions? If criticism cannot tell pornography from literature, what can it tell us? Of course, critics may disagree; so do other witnesses, including psychiatrists and handwriting experts. The decision is up to the courts; the literary witnesses only have the obligation to testify truthfully as to what is, or is not, pornography.

Some of the critics who claim that they cannot make the distinction do not wish to, because they regard pornography as legitimate; others fear that "censorship" of pornography may be extended to actual literature. Whatever the merits of such views (I don't see any), they do not justify testifying that the distinction cannot be made. A witness is not entitled to deny that he saw what he did see, simply to save the accused from a punishment he dislikes. A critic who is really incapable of distinguishing pornography from literature certainly has no business being one; a critic who is capable of making the distinction has no business testifying that he is not.

Oh yes, there is one bugaboo: A "police state," it is feared, may develop from prohibiting the sale of pornography and punishing violators. That argument is not too plausible to begin with: America did not become a "police state" although obscenity was punished for the last 200 years. Not a single instance is known, throughout history, of a police state, or a dictatorship, developing by prohibiting obscenity, or even by censoring it, or by censoring anything else. It is the other way around. Once you have a "police state" censorship follows. A police state cannot continue without it. But no democracy has ever become a "police state" by using the criminal law to restrain obscenity. The Weimar Republic in Germany was not replaced by Nazism because it restrained obscenity. It did not. Once Hitler was in power, he used it to abolish all freedom and to institute censorship. □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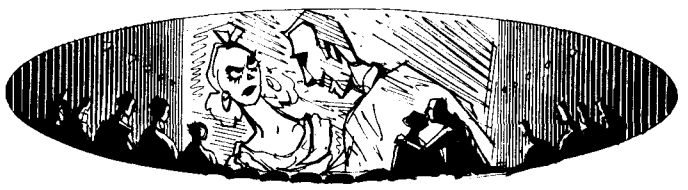

DANGEROUS LIAISONS

by Bruce Bawer

In 1782, a French soldier with the impressive name of Pierre Ambroise François Choderlos de Laclos—who would go on to become an associate of Danton's during the Revolution and a general under Napoleon at the turn of the century—published a novel called *Les Liaisons dangereuses*. Like many eighteenth-century novels, notably Samuel Richardson's *Pamela* (1740), Laclos's book was epistolary in form and took as its theme the struggle between maidenly virtue and libertinism. But *Les Liaisons dangereuses* was no spirited celebration of sensuality, like *Tom Jones*. On the contrary, Laclos was incensed by the decadence of many members of the French upper classes of his day, and in his only novel—which achieved an enormous *succès de scandale*—the tone he took toward his high-born characters' unscrupulous sexual intrigues was one of unmitigated indignation.

The Broadway version of *Les Liaisons dangereuses*, which is currently playing at the Music Box Theater under the direction of Howard Davies, takes a far lighter approach to its subject. Indeed, the play's author, Christopher Hampton, encourages us to laugh along with the corrupt and high-spirited Marquise de Merteuil and Vicomte de Valmont as they weave their scummy plot, which involves the seduction by the Vicomte—Paris's most notorious womanizer—of two chaste ladies: la Presidente de Tourvel (Suzanne Burden) and Mlle. Cecile Volanges (Beatie Edney).

The night I saw the play, most of the audience *did* laugh, loud and long. And no wonder, for the play doubtless reminded most of them of their favorite TV sitcoms. Much of it, for example, consisted of tireless "Three's Company"-type smirking about sex. What jokes! As the loud, nasal-voiced woman in front of me noted approvingly to her companion, "It's so full of double entendres!" You betcha—just like the conversation of junior-high-school boys. (Indeed, watching the play one has the distinct feeling that Hampton has been spending altogether too much time hanging around schoolyards.) Such sexually suggestive words and expressions as "position," "mounting excitement," "keep it up," and "stiffen his resolve" occur frequently—with deadpan comic emphasis—in the conversation of la Marquise and le Vicomte, and the audience roars delightedly, taking this puerile material for drawing-room wit at its most sophisticated. And who's to say it *isn't* sophisticated? After all, this *is* the Royal Shakespeare Company, the actors have great British accents, and the dialogue is rich in words like "vociferously." Which all goes to prove that if you put actors with British accents in period costumes and shove them on a Broadway stage, they can get away with almost anything.

Not that the acting is inadequate. On the contrary, the performances are uniformly good, though Alan Rickman, as the supposedly dashing and irresistible Vicomte, does look (from the back row of the Music Box's mezzanine, anyway) a bit like Barry Manilow in a beard and sound at times like Peter O'Toole with a head cold. As for Lindsay Duncan, the actress who plays la Marquise, her breathy voice, frosty manner, sardonic tone, and imperious carriage all suit her role perfectly, though they do add up to something that is a tad too reminiscent of Joan Greenwood's classic performance as Charlotte in the film version of *The Importance of Being Earnest*. Which is in fact rather appropriate, for the play is rife with cynical, would-be Wildean quips about love and honesty and marriage. For example, la Marquise says things like, "I'm not sure how appropriate an emotion love is, especially in marriage," and dryly declares that Cecile "has a certain innate duplicity which is going to stand her in very good stead." The Vicomte complains to la Presidente de Tourvel that he's been "more celibate than a monk." "More?" she asks with surprise. "Well," he says, "you know the stories one hears in Paris." This line draws a big laugh. (It is, of course, precisely the sort of line that always draws a big laugh on Broadway, the reason being that Broadway audiences, for the most part, don't go to plays like *Les Liaisons dangereuses* to be entertained or to experience art so much as they go to feel sophisticated—to pretend for two hours that they *do* know the stories one hears in Paris.)

La Marquise and le Vicomte do a lot of talking about how evil they both are. In general, however, they come off not as serious symbols of decadence but as sitcom villains, the kind of Bad Guys out of some TV show like "Get Smart" who grin and rub their hands together and say, "We're so *baaaaaaad*!" As le Vicomte says, with slimy admiration, to la Marquise: "You are a *genuinely wicked woman.*" This is another of the play's big laugh lines.

But Hampton's not just out for

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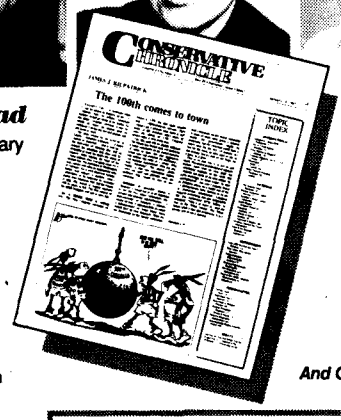

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laughs here. He wants us to see his story not only as the French bedroom comedy he's turned it into but also as a tragic story somewhat closer to the severe morality tale that Laclos wrote two centuries ago. Throughout most of the play, however, these serious intentions are communicated less by the dialogue—which is almost always reaching for a laugh—than by such things as music and set design. For instance, each scene in the play ends with a fortissimo blast of ominous harpsichord music (which is, alas, more than a bit reminiscent of the melodramatic chords that they used to play—and perhaps still do—before the commercial breaks on TV soap operas). Every so often, moreover, Hampton's characters depart from their vapid banter and deliver a "serious" line or two. At one point, for instance, la Marquise suggests that she is not a villain after all but a sex-role freedom fighter: "I've always known," she tells le Vicomte, "I was born to dominate your sex and avenge my own." One point of the play, apparently, is that women have to be deceitful to get along in a man's world. Another point—which la Marquise expresses in a line that I rather liked—is that "vanity and happiness are incompatible": le Vicomte, who's fallen in love with la Presidente de Tourvel (something that doesn't happen in the novel), nonetheless destroys her because to let himself love would be to forsake power and invite vulnerability.

A further point of the play is that, while all these people are busy jumping in and out of bed, France is on the eve of revolution. Hampton has set the play in the late 1780s not only so that la Marquise, in one of the closing scenes, can face the audience and say something about it being "more than halfway through the eighties," but also so that we can recognize that it was the decadence of such aristocrats as these that precipitated the French Revolution (which, you'll remember, came along in 1789).

Yet the play's dialogue and action make few references, even of an implicit nature, to the forthcoming revolution. Most of the job of adumbration is carried out by the play's single set (designed by Bob Crowley), which does multiple duty as various characters' salons and bedrooms "in and round Paris and in the Bois de Vincennes." Aside from the two chaise longues, two period tables, a half-dozen or so period chairs, and a very tall white column (a phallic symbol?), the set contains a number of provocative items. Several fifteen-foot-high wooden screens upstage, between which the characters enter and exit, may be intended to suggest the nobility's screening itself off from the growing unrest outside. A twelve-foot-high chiffonier out of whose open drawers spills forth a chaos of jewelry and documents—an oddity that no one in the play ever comments upon—alludes to the imminent sacking of the aristocrats' houses by the peasants. Two or three mirrored windows indicate, again, the rich, decadent characters' absorption in their own salon and bedroom intrigues, and perhaps also suggest that the play has something to say to and about those of us in the *nineteen*-eighties as well. Finally, the numerous brown leaves which lie scattered at the edges of the stage symbolize the impending death of the privileged society portrayed in the play.

It's a cleverly conceived set. But it's far too heavyhanded for this particular play. It's as if Hampton wants the set—and those blasts of dour harpsichord music—to do most of the work of conveying the play's "serious" side while the actual dialogue, most of the way through, lies squarely in the realm of sex farce. In *Les Liaisons dangereuses*, in short, Christopher Hampton tries to straddle two widely separated genres and falls flat on his face. This time out, the RSC should've stuck to the Bard. □

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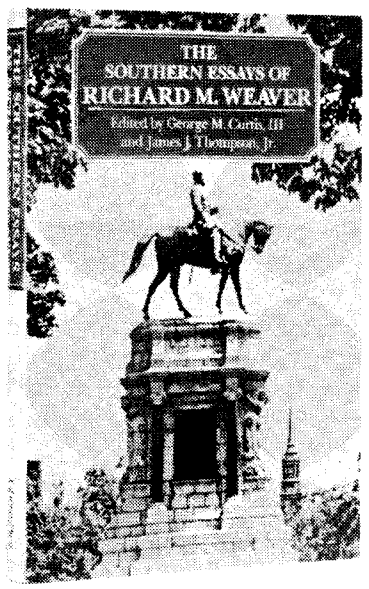

THE SOUTHERN ESSAYS
OF RICHARD M. WEAVER

Foreword by George Core
Edited with Preface by George M. Curtis, III and James J. Thompson, Jr.

Richard M. Weaver (1910-1963) was one of the leading figures in the post World War II development of an intellectual, self-conscious conservatism. Yet following his untimely death his work, for the most part, faded from view, though his most important and widely cited book, *Ideas Have Consequences* (Chicago, 1948), still is in print.

Weaver's appreciation of liberty was rooted in his understanding of Southern history. He discovered, "... in his native land the evolution of a 'social bond individualism' that had emanated from the environs of Concord and Walden Pond." This collection of fourteen of Weaver's essays on the South and Southern history is presented in demonstration of George Core's point that "few critics of the South rival Richard Weaver in comprehensiveness of vision and depth of thought...."

Among the essays included are "Lee the Philosopher" (1948), "Agrarianism in Exile" (1950), "The Tennessee Agrarians" (1952), and "Two Types of Individualism" (1963).

George M. Curtis, III is Professor of History at Hanover College and James J. Thompson, Jr., is Book Review Editor of *The New Oxford Review*.

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SECRETS OF THE WARSAW PACT

by William McGurn

Brussels

Asked to locate the headquarters of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, most people will point to this European capital. Ask these same folks to locate the headquarters of the Warsaw Pact, however, and the likely response will be a blank stare. That most of us on the Western side of this East-West divide can't even say where our foe is based suggests the Cold Warriors among us have their work cut out for them. Even for those who pontificate daily about "East-West tensions" and suchlike, the Warsaw Pact remains largely an intellectual abstraction.

Not so NATO. Based here in Belgium's dour capital city, NATO's headquarters is a veritable city unto itself, including within its vast confines not only strategy rooms and so on but a local bank branch, a beauty salon, a travel agency, and a magazine shop. In what was perhaps an early architectural stab at détente, the buildings here all seem to have been patterned on workers housing in East Berlin. But unlike its counterpart across the Elbe, NATO is out here for all to see, and, quite possibly, to attack. If the more or less institutionalized chaos at the main gate is any indication, moreover, the allies are already simulating battlefield conditions. Smack dab in the middle of this same entrance is a rusting hulk of a sculpture that identifies the compound once and for all, just in case you missed the sixteen flags flying nearby.

But the same features that make NATO such an inviting and obvious target—politically as well as militarily—also distinguish it from its Soviet-backed counterpart, the Warsaw Pact. The first clue lies in the original question: where *is* the Warsaw Pact? This is not one of those who's-buried-in-Grant's-tomb questions. "Warsaw" is a brave guess, but wrong. The pact is based in Moscow, and its name derives from the founding treaty signed in Poland's first city in 1955 by the Soviet Union, East Germany, Poland, Bulgaria, Romania, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Albania (which left and formally denounced the Pact in 1968).

Although billed as an association of sovereign nations, the Warsaw Pact is an alliance honored more in the breach than on the battlefield. Indeed, the Soviets have built up a considerable tradition of invading their partners as opposed to defending them. In addition, they have introduced a web of entangling side alliances—through such associations as Comecon—to tie their Eastern allies to themselves; in 1984, for example, General Jaruzelski signed an agreement giving the USSR a stranglehold over the Polish economy every bit as important as the political concessions the general has made. Add to all this a command structure virtually indistinguishable from that of the Soviet Union, and the Warsaw Pact's true nature takes shape. In other words, for all its awesome military might, the Warsaw Pact as distinct from the Kremlin command exists more or less only on paper.

"There's a tremendous amount of double-hatting with the Soviets," explains a NATO spokesman, Col. Harry Sloan. "In theory, they have a Warsaw Pact administrative headquarters in Moscow. But were they to go operational, they would immediately be under local Soviet commands." Colonel Sloan might further have pointed out that the Warsaw Pact has no Colonel Sloans—a British military officer assigned to a purely NATO function, the public information office. Instead, the Warsaw Pact eliminates the tedious middlemen by handling such information through the official Soviet news agency, TASS. The equivalent would be to have NATO communiqués handled by the United States Information Agency.

Unfortunately, the tendency in the West is to report and talk about the Warsaw Pact *vis-à-vis* NATO and solely in terms of force comparisons, sizing up the respective advantages and handicaps of the two military blocs as if they were two opposing football teams. The problem with that model here is that one team always has the ball. On top of this, the teams aren't evenly matched: the Warsaw Pact nations together have a standing force of 6 million personnel against NATO's 4.5 million. In tanks, aircraft, artillery, nuclear warheads, and almost any area you care to name, the Warsaw Pact enjoys clear numerical superiority, sometimes as much as two to one.

The sheer imbalance of numbers is matched by different military strategies. In military exercises, the Warsaw Pact pursues an offensive strategy, whose aim, according to Colonel Sloan, is "to destroy the enemy in his own territory, which is classic Soviet doctrine." Although the good colonel adds that an offensive strategy is not necessarily the same as an aggressive strategy, NATO officials from Lord Carrington on down have noted that the Warsaw Pact's buildup and military expenditures far exceed legitimate defense needs. Moreover, an offensive strategy is easily adaptable, as the Soviets amply demonstrated to the Czechs in 1968, the Hungarians in 1956, and the Afghans in 1979. NATO strategy, by contrast, is purely defensive, which is why it does not even aim to match the Warsaw Pact bullet for bullet in the arms race.

Nor is this the only difference. For every superficial similarity between NATO and the Warsaw Pact—the Warsaw Pact charter is almost a copy of the NATO document—there is a fundamental, real difference. First on this list must be the dominance of the Soviet Union, which keeps the Pact based in Moscow, the better to keep an eye on its "partners." In certain European circles, it is common to think that Western Europe faces much the same domination from its partner across the Atlantic. But America's undeniable dominance of NATO differs from the Soviet dominance of the Warsaw Pact not in degree but in *kind*. NATO allies are free and independent nations that occasionally have different ideas about what is in the interest of the alliance, as America has had impressed on it more than once. More important, NATO actually functions as an alliance, which usually means it functions poorly or not at all.

On the military side, this means that NATO has its own command structure in place in the event of a conflict; European forces would not report to an American but a NATO structure. On the political side, any NATO decision involves all sixteen members together, which is what makes them so difficult to arrive at. As Lord Carrington has informed those who keep trying to get him to meet his "opposite number" in the Warsaw Pact, the proper arena for such relations is in bilateral contacts between the interested nations.

The Warsaw Pact has none of these problems, and so it hums along toward its objectives—Soviet objectives—with a minimum of fuss. The Soviets decide what they want and how they want to do it and then they inform their allies. Having the HQ in Moscow, TASS as the information service, and a Soviet command structure for the military makes it all the more convenient. But what the structure and operation of the so-called Warsaw Pact ultimately shows is that the Soviets are serious not about alliances but about war. No wonder NATO is on the defensive. □

William McGurn is deputy editorial page editor of the Asian Wall Street Journal *and a former deputy managing editor of the Brussels-based* Wall Street Journal/Europe.

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HOW I GREW

Mary McCarthy/Harcourt Brace Jovanovich/$16.95

Donna Rifkind

Could anybody's education be less sentimental than Mary McCarthy's? Having spent decades insisting on being exactly right about everything, dissecting hundreds of personalities both fictional and real, and making sure it always hurts, the triumphantly fierce novelist and queen of criticism—La Grande Dame Sans Merci—now gives us the clinical details of her own young life in *How I Grew*, the first book of what one assumes will be a multivolume autobiography.

How I Grew shows the same preoccupation with the boundaries of memory that Miss McCarthy revealed in *Memories of a Catholic Girlhood* (1957), in which the author devised a kind of dialogue with herself, providing what she remembered to be true about her childhood and then interposing various self-checking corrections throughout the narrative. *Catholic Girlhood* was a record of sensations alternately painful and ecstatic: of punishing beatings and valentines and odd things to eat, smells of incense and mustard plasters, images of dead relatives gone fuzzy with time. *How I Grew* repeats much of the same material and adds a bit more, covering Miss McCarthy's years in convent school in Seattle, high school in Tacoma, college at Vassar, and ending with her marriage at age twenty-one. But this new volume, unlike *Catholic Girlhood*, removes all of the sensations from such recollections and leaves only the facts. There are no indications here that the author recognizes her memory to be a treasure, a faculty that allows her to redeem hard experiences and to re-inspirit happy ones. Instead, in *How I Grew* Miss McCarthy regards her youth as if it were a laboratory specimen: she looks at it curiously, pokes at it a little, watches it ooze, then wipes her hands briskly and walks away.

One should not assume, however, that this detachment signifies an indifferent attitude: in fact, the opposite is true. The author makes it clear that this book is an essential document and that she considers its publication something of a duty, something future generations will need and want. Nobody alive today, Mary McCarthy will have you know, is anywhere near as smart, as sure, or as prominent as she, and so of course her story is unique and worthy of an audience's meticulous attention. Even though she has been compared to everyone from Colette to Margaret Fuller, Miss McCarthy cannot bear to be *associated*. As she sees it, her reputation was spontaneously generated and has been kept healthy solely through her own power; hers is the loneliness of the long-distance legend. If the voice in this memoir emerges as detached or unengaged, then, we may be sure it is for another reason than that the author does not care about how she grew.

Readers, on the other hand, may have a more difficult time caring about Miss McCarthy's terribly significant youth, and this is because so much in the book is a great deal less interesting than most of the author's previous writing. Her usual mocking humor and scourging wit—the mortally sharp observations that have by their slicing energy sustained even her most lifeless fiction—are here rather blunted, diminished. In previous books Miss McCarthy's meanness, which in other writers tends to be purely a superficial quality, has had texture, depth, dimension; cruelty has operated as a key element in her novels much as magic does in the books of Gabriel García Márquez, propelling an otherwise lethargic narrative forward. Nearly every section of *How I Grew*, however, while often no less cruel, suffers from a triviality that is either girlish and flirty ("But stop! That cannot be true . . .") or solemn and plodding. In the self-revelatory writings of an otherwise bitterly critical judge of character, one would not be surprised to encounter arrogance or complacence—one does indeed at times find both of these here—but one would never have expected that such writings could be so dull.

Consider, for example, Miss McCarthy's detailed lists of her childhood books. After "digressing in the middle of a digression," she returns to the subject of the scarcity of books offered her between her seventh and twelfth years, and undergoes an agonizing search through her memory to provide the exact truth about which books she read at which age: "On reflection, I see that I have been exaggerating. I cannot have waited more than a decade to read 'Thumbelina' and 'Puss in Boots,' or 'Snow White' or 'Rapunzel' or 'Rumpelstiltskin.' If they were already old friends when I read them aloud to Reuel [her son], it means that in Minneapolis we must have had the usual Grimm and Perrault fairy tales and that secretly or openly I read them." And so it goes, stern corrections after lists of endless facts, throughout Miss McCarthy's account of her schoolgirl days.

In the background of these facts, of course, is a truly interesting story, the tale of the injustices related in *Catholic Girlhood* about how, after Mary's young parents died of influenza when she was six, she and her brothers were sent from Seattle to Minneapolis to live with stony-hearted relatives in a "jaundiced-colored house." Miss McCarthy expresses no feelings about these harsh circumstances in *How I Grew*, however, admitting, "I had the choice of forgiving those incredible relatives of mine or pitying myself on their account. . . . There is no dampness in my emotions, and some moisture, I think, is needed to produce the deeper, the tragic, notes."

If Miss McCarthy is unable to produce tears for an honestly harrowing formative experience, she manages at other points in the book to be inappropriately lachrymose about a curious assortment of details. "Weep with me, Reader," she implores at the end of a chapter about her boarding school, Annie Wright Seminary in Tacoma, "for all those resolute bishops . . . for all those widows of clergymen . . . for bath schedules, gym bloomers, pen nibs and inkwells, for clog dancing and 'quiet hour' . . . and the red camellia tree by the cloister steps. . . ." And elsewhere: "I listen to the scratch of pens, the bells of the *surveillante*, the soughing of the organ, the creaking of pew benches, and I would weep for it all, for the waste of it."

These all seem rather unworthy subjects for torrents of tears, but in any case Miss McCarthy has always been more effective in projecting hatred than in conveying a sense of sadness. Few people in *How I Grew* escape her rage and most are awarded her contempt as well; she accuses her maternal grandparents, who rescued her from the nas-

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ty Minneapolis relatives and brought her back to live with them in Seattle, of making her become a liar because their strict rules "forced me into clandestinity." She is scornful of her classmates, who are all of course less popular with boys than she is: "Poor Jean Eagleson and Barbara Dole, poor Frances Ankeny, Ruth Sutton, Clover Rath, Mary Ellen Warner—if anybody wrote to them, it was a brother." She even takes an offhanded pleasure in speaking, casually, of a teacher "whom I made cry one day," and of a sixteen-year-old candidate for May Queen, Katie Urquhart, against whom Mary launched a counter-campaign, antagonizing her former friend "with a vengeance and never [forgiving] whatever it was she said or did. . . . As the campaign heated up I was in the middle-school classrooms, haranguing the sixth and seventh grades . . . on how repellent Katie Urquhart really was—that sallow skin, those yellow eyes, those avid nose-holes, almost scary."

At this point, one feels, it would not be at all a good thing to come upon the teenaged Mary McCarthy on a dark street; this seems less an account of how she grew than of how she injured and went in for the kill. Nothing stirs her interest as much as a moment of hatred, not even her first sexual experience, which she describes as an utterly repulsive episode and which produces in her (at age fourteen) "something between exasperated boredom and disdain." What she feels warmest toward, as a matter of fact, are not even people but things like "the faithful *Britannica*, my life's companion, only one year older than I." And, in a new school, with "nobody to confide in," she remedies the situation this way: "as often happens with lonely young creatures, I found companionship. In poetry."

As these last two remarks indicate, *How I Grew* is less satisfactorily about Miss McCarthy's growth as a human being than it is about her intellectual development. She begins the book by announcing, "I was born as a mind during 1925, my bodily birth having taken place in 1912." And it is her mind, after all, that has always been the important and interesting thing about Mary McCarthy: her swashbuckling ability to carve down to the stupid or the ridiculous in a situation, to cut it out, and to put it on display. Thus the best passages in her fiction, from *The Company She Keeps* to the end of *The Groves of Academe* through passages in *The Group* (and the best of her theater and literary criticism as well), rely on this intention to mock a situation or a character and thereby to control it; one senses always her jubilation in the act of disposing of someone, and indeed one often comes to share something of that joy. This controlling rationality is also what lies behind Miss McCarthy's keen interest in memory. Somehow, she feels, there is a way to get the facts of her life exactly right, which, once found, will give her power over them. As she advises the reader in a passage about her sexual development:

> When you have committed an action that you cannot bear to think about, that causes you to writhe in retrospect, do not seek to evade the memory: *make* yourself relive it, confront it repeatedly, over and over, till finally, you will discover, through sheer repetition it loses its power to pain you.

And yet, one wonders, what is autobiography if not writhing in retrospect? The reason *How I Grew* fails to engage the reader is that its author has steadfastly refused to become engaged in the emotions which the events in her life have produced. It is as if these emotions are so strong, and she cares so much, that to unloose them even a little would be to undam a flood beyond her control. She would rather examine the facts of her life from a safe distance than talk about her weaknesses, her errors, the things that have made her cry; just as in her fiction she elicits only

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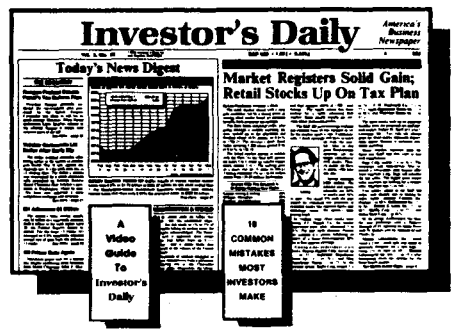
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scorn for her characters because her primary and most successful goal is not to evoke our sympathy for a character's faults but to ridicule him for them.

In her memoirs, however, she can only ridicule herself to a very limited degree, or readers will stop considering her life important and, what is worse, may stop acknowledging the power she claims to have over her circumstances. So what readers are left with are the long lists of books, the frequent cutting remarks about old acquaintances, unknown to us and often long dead, those self-checks on the precision of her memory, and some unconvincingly weepy sentiments about pen nibs and camellia trees. In *How I Grew*, we have been made to relive the facts of the author's young life, to confront them repeatedly, and they have almost immediately lost the power to interest us. What the book amounts to is what Mary McCarthy's work as a whole has always amounted to: when she is bad, she is very, very good; but when she is good, alas, she is boring. □

CRISIS AND LEVIATHAN: CRITICAL EPISODES IN THE GROWTH OF AMERICAN GOVERNMENT

Robert Higgs/Oxford University Press/$24.95

William Schambra

Robert Higgs's *Crisis and Leviathan* is about Big Government—with a capital *B*, capital *G*, as he spells it throughout the book. Now I have to confess, people who talk about "Big Government" make me nervous. They are usually the ones who send me letters scrawled on Big Chief tablet paper in three different colors of ink, warning that The State is some sort of mysterious, demonic force, capable of transmitting subliminal commands to us through our fillings. The author himself cautions against this tendency to think of Big Government as One Big Nonhuman Thing (again, his caps). Nonetheless, I fear Mr. Higgs ultimately falls into that trap himself—and government becomes, for him, One Great Fascist Monster.

There are, to be sure, many valuable insights in this book. The very question that prompted Higgs to write—*why* has government grown so rapidly in the twentieth century?—is too seldom asked, as he points out. The usually unchallenged presumption is that such growth is somehow natural—the necessary by-product of modernization and the development of a complex, urban industrial economy. Higgs maintains that no such link exists between increasing economic complexity and government growth: indeed, "the most effective system of socioeconomic coordination" under complex, modern circumstances is the free market—"the only one that systemically receives and responds to the ever-changing signals transmitted by millions of consumers and producers." Government might be able to coordinate a simple economy, he suggests, but never a complex one.

As for the familiar argument that larger government is necessary as a "countervailing power" to control the monopolistic tendencies of the giant corporations that have sprung up in this century, Higgs notes that "under conditions of dynamic competition neither a firm's bigness nor an industry's high concentration poses a serious threat to the welfare of the public." Furthermore, he reminds us, government often seems less interested in ensuring strong competition in the market than in shoring up weak competitors; and at their worst, government regulatory bureaucracies, coopted by their corporate clientele, actually help establish and maintain the very monopolies they were designed to prevent.

After neatly disposing of these and several other explanations of the "inevitability" of big government, Higgs turns to his own thesis: government has grown in this century, he argues, as the result of a series of national crises—especially the two world wars and the Great Depression—combined with the profound ideological changes these have brought about in American attitudes toward government. The Progressive Era, he suggests, established the intellectual preconditions for this process: during that period, our political and economic elites—heavily influenced by socialism—lost faith in free markets and limited government, and embraced instead an ideology "that not only tolerated a greatly expanded role for government . . . [but] positively insisted on such activism." As a result of this profound ideological shift, all subsequent national crises automatically triggered demands that the federal government "do something."

"Doing something," however, entails policies that inevitably impose costs on the population: private citizens need to be turned into soldiers, and goods and services need to be diverted from private consumption into public programs. Government officials are loath to purchase all this on the open market, however—taxes would have to be raised to exorbitant levels, the full costs of the emergency measures would thereby become apparent, and the subsequent public outcry would imperil the policies and their sponsoring agencies.

The government, therefore—and here we encounter the controversial aspect of Higgs's argument—tries to conceal the true costs, by "substituting coercive command-and-control devices for pecuniary fiscal-and-market means for carrying out their chosen policies." With each succeeding crisis, such devices—"military conscription, wage-price controls, assignment of official priorities and physical allocation of selected commodities, countless economic and social regulations, import quotas and export controls"—are applied more and more expansively to the economy. After each crisis, government control over the market—while diminishing somewhat—nonetheless remains at a permanently higher level: Various parties develop stakes in Big Government—foremost among them the bureaucrats administering its programs and the special interests (especially big business and big labor) who profit from its spending. And the general public supports this expanded government role, because an unremitting barrage of propaganda, stressing the need for dramatic government action in the face of crisis, permanently alters the nation's ideological climate in favor of Big Government.

Higgs is clearly a partisan of untrammeled free markets, and so believes that the initial and critical step in this ratchet-like process of state expansion—government's decision to conceal crisis-generated costs by displacing market mechanisms—is unwise, unnecessary, and, more often than not, unconstitutional. This thesis must face one very basic question: was there a plausible libertarian alternative for handling the crises we faced this century? That is, could we, in fact, have purchased on the open market the manpower, goods, and services those occasions demanded? Higgs entertains this question only once and briefly, and his answer is, "perhaps." I suggest that our national leaders may be forgiven for preferring not to venture onto the field of battle against the likes of Hitler and Stalin, armed with a "perhaps."

At any rate, on the basis of the evidence Higgs himself provides, "perhaps" proves to be a wildly optimistic response to this question. His central premise, after all, is that the policies demanded by crisis would have been so costly at going market rates that they would have provoked widespread domestic disturbances, and "threatened the viability of both the policies and the . . . leaders." At the precise moment when the government most needed to concentrate its energies against foreign enemies, in other

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words, it instead would have found itself fending off its own citizens. Higgs's own arguments compel us to conclude that—unless we were prepared to risk civil war—we simply could not have mobilized through the marketplace the resources necessary to defend ourselves in this century of total war.

Much of Higgs's book is devoted to an analysis of the way we did in fact mobilize resources to meet our crises, and how this record bears out his "ratchet" theory. Given his adamantly libertarian view that virtually *any* interference with the market is illegitimate, the historical portrait he sketches is not a pretty one. He suggests, for instance, that our government unnecessarily dragooned millions of hapless individuals into the armed forces through compulsory military service—a system, he argues, of "involuntary servitude." The draft amounted to nothing more than an "inefficient tax on the labor, services and lives of certain unfortunate young men . . . at the insistence of politicians and other citizens unwilling to pay the full cost of maintaining the military establishment they desire." To facilitate the induction of these unfortunates, their neighbors were urged to "intimidate them into submission."

At the same time, government authorities tightened their grip on our nation's economy, because they "wanted people to take certain actions but . . . preferred not to jeopardize their own powers and positions by revealing the true costs." Big business and other special interests, meanwhile, scrambled to the public trough, operating on the new understanding that "government is an immensely useful means for achieving one's private aspirations and that one's resort to this reservoir of potentially appropriable benefits is perfectly legitimate." The fullest expression of business-government collusion was the "military-industrial complex" of the Cold War period; it was sustained by fear of the Soviet Union, which was "kept chronically aroused by Pentagon propaganda" in order to put billions of dollars "into the pockets of [the complex's] privileged participants." (Apparently profit was the chief purpose of the Cold War, which started only when "America ceased firing at the Germans and Japanese [and] turned their silent but still loaded guns toward their former allies, the Soviets.")

Meanwhile, Higgs maintains, notions of private property rights and civil liberties went into full eclipse, with scarcely a word from that guardian of limited government, the Supreme Court. Perhaps the most lamentable example of this, for the author, was the internment of the Japanese during World War II—though he insists that this was no different, in principle, from the draft and the imposition of economic controls. Higgs concludes from this episode: "Thus did the United States government, at war against Hitler and his band of racist fanatics, demonstrate that it differed from the enemy only in degree."

Higgs returns to this notion at the end of his review of our experiences over this century. Our political economy today, he declares, nominally leaves property in private hands, but otherwise puts it (and all other rights) utterly at the disposal of the government. The system's democratic trappings serve only to legitimate this arrangement. It is, he concludes, a system of "participatory fascism."

In the final analysis, we learn from Higgs very little about our history, but a great deal about the grotesquely distorted image of it that appears when we view it through the lens of doctrinaire libertarianism. Our past—even (or especially) that part of it that generally evokes pride—becomes instead an unrelieved, sordid tale of mendacity and lust for power on the part of government officials, limitless avarice on the part of the special interests, and mindless gullibility on the part of the general public. From this maelstrom of human viciousness and folly emerges a regime barely distinguishable from those of our totalitarian foes.

Yet this uncompromisingly libertarian perspective on our history is, perhaps, the most valuable aspect of Higgs's book. For, when we consider the arguments of that school of thought strictly in the context of contemporary political issues, it is all too easy to conclude that libertarianism amounts to little more than good old-fashioned grousing about "big guvm't" and (in the post-Vietnam era, a by no means unfashionable) opposition to the military draft. When, however, we consider how some of America's "finest hours" appear, seen through libertarian eyes, we begin to appreciate just how profoundly subversive a doctrine it potentially is.

Missing altogether from Higgs's account of our recent history—as would be true of any other libertarian treatment—are concepts like duty, honor, country. Americans, it is true, do not dwell on such notions, being by nature an individualistic, materialistic people. Nonetheless, there are moments when we are willing and able to put aside selfish pursuits, and exhibit a nobler range of impulses. We experienced such moments during the two world wars, and, to some extent, during the Depression. Higgs is quite correct to argue that our national leadership tends to abuse this aspect of the American character—to insist that there is a "crisis" when there is none, and to plead for war-time sacrifices in times of peace. He is surely wrong, however, to suggest that *all* such appeals are spurious, or that they are *invariably* nothing more than propaganda to quiet the masses while government officials and special interests plunder the national treasury.

As we face our totalitarian foes today, one of our chief assets is the proud recollection of those moments when, as a united, determined, self-sacrificing people, we faced and vanquished similar such enemies in the past. That is precisely the asset Higgs's account of our history would deny us. Yet that is one thing we will never be able to purchase on the open market. □

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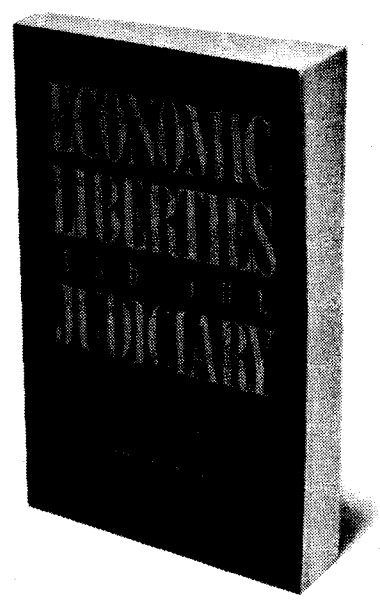

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NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC: BEHIND AMERICA'S LENS ON THE WORLD

Howard S. Abramson/Crown Publishers/$17.95

Herbert Schlossberg

So, Bucky, you thought it was all bare breasts and nifty scenery, did you? Howard Abramson is here to tell you that it was also marketing genius, cupidity, deceit, racism, rose-colored glasses, and nepotism. Add those to the first two items, says Abramson, a financial editor at the *Washington Post*, and you get the *National Geographic*.

How does it happen that a few cronies get together and form an educational society, and a hundred years later we have what people are pleased to call a "national institution," one with the patronage of Presidents and Supreme Court chief justices? Abramson takes us back to Gardiner Greene Hubbard, lawyer and entrepreneur, and one of the wealthiest men in New England in the 1880s. Tired of the Boston winters, Hubbard moved to Washington, D.C., where his business interests increasingly took him anyway. There he joined with other wealthy businessmen at the Cosmos Club in fostering the creation and growth of a number of organizations designed to increase the public's appreciation for scientific learning. Hubbard induced some friends to join him in the formation of an organization for the diffusion of the knowledge of geography. It was to be a source of encouragement and support for explorers, but also a sort of meat market for professional geographers seeking employment. The founders decided to call their new creation the National Geographic Society.

From the start, it didn't appear that the professional caste of the organization would last very long. Hubbard, who readily acknowledged his lack of standing as a scientist, became the first president. In his address at the initial meeting of the new society on January 27, 1888, he noted that his election was a token of the Society's intent to extend its work beyond the narrow sphere of the professional geographers, so that the general public would benefit from the spread of scientific knowledge. The tension between the populist and the elitist elements, both of which had a hand in the Society's founding, was to be a recurrent theme of its early history until the final victory of the populists.

Herbert Schlossberg is the author of Idols for Destruction *(Thomas Nelson).*

Ten years after its founding, its publication a rather boring magazine of interest mainly to specialists, and with a circulation of about a thousand, the languishing Society launched an expensive campaign to attract the public's attention. This desperation move coupled a newsstand drive with a program of lifetime memberships, and was a dismal flop. The Society stood in jeopardy of its existence. At this darkest hour Gardiner Greene Hubbard died. That the Society and magazine didn't die with him is due to the fact that his son-in-law was Alexander Graham Bell.

At the time he met Hubbard more than twenty years earlier, Bell was a poor immigrant from Scotland who earned his living by teaching deaf students in Boston. Hubbard's daughter Mabel was one of his students, and because of this connection Hubbard provided the funds that made it possible for Bell to perfect his invention of the telephone, and then to protect it in the courts against patent raiders. Meanwhile Bell had fallen in love with Mabel, and in 1877 married her. By the time Hubbard died, his son-in-law had become a rich and famous man in his own right.

Bell reluctantly acceded to the National Geographic Society board's request that he fill the leadership vacuum that Hubbard's death had created, but once he had done so, he moved decisively and with a good deal of flair to put his own stamp on the organization. The most important of his tasks was to manipulate the board so that Hubbard's vision of a popular organization would win out over the elitist vision of the scholars. Reasoning that another fully professional geographer's organization already existed, Bell thought it should be the function of the National Geographic Society to "sugarcoat the pill," as he put it, and make scientific learning accessible to the public. His own standing as a scientist made it more likely that he could carry out this task than if Hubbard the entrepreneur had been doing it. Having labored to help the deaf to communicate, and then to bring long distance communications to the home of everyman, he now brought the same populist passion to the Society and its magazine.

To carry out his intention, Bell recruited the twenty-three-year-old Gilbert Hovey Grosvenor, a recent Amherst graduate and the son of a friend, to take over the *National Geographic*, and he even paid the new editor's salary out of his own commodious pocket. Grosvenor's only obvious asset was Bell's patronage; he shared a small office with the American Forestry Association, and didn't even have a desk until Bell sent his own over to the cramped quarters.

Bell had launched himself on the glory trail through a relationship with his patron's daughter, and now his protégé followed that example. In October 1900, Grosvenor, who would later impart an anglophiliac flavor to the magazine, traveled to London—just off Grosvenor Square, as he liked to point out—to marry Elsie May Bell.

Grosvenor was a marketing genius. He parlayed assiduous market research, indefatigable energy, and great flair into immense popularity for his magazine. He pioneered the use of photography and then color photography as the identifying mark of the publication. Abramson carps at the Society's low-risk high-profile approach to financing geographical exploration, but that criticism misses the mark. Once the decision was made to depart from the highbrow tedium of the pre-Bell years, it was inevitable that the Society would sponsor the kind of expedition that would pay off in the form of great photographic spreads in *National Geographic*.

More justified is Abramson's critique of the Peary affair, to which he devotes three chapters. He doesn't break new ground in this exposition, but is justified in so fully exposing an episode in which the National Geographic Society played such a crucial role. Robert E. Peary was already a well-known explorer when the Society began championing him. When Peary asserted his claim to have been the first man to reach the North Pole, Grosvenor jumped feet first into the ensuing struggle to validate the claim. Peary's story, which he began telling only after Dr. Frederick A. Cook claimed to have reached the Pole, looked increasingly fishy as the details broke into the public's attention. Unaccountably, the National Geographic Society—which had sunk some money into Peary's expedition—was not laughed off the stage when it asserted a right to adjudicate the dispute. After the controversy became political, with the Congress deciding the issue by taking a vote on emoluments for Peary, all hope of reality settling the matter was gone. Surely Abramson is right to highlight the tawdry role the Society played in this sorry affair. Entirely unrepentant, the Society is still trying to silence the opposition.

In 1915 Grosvenor published an enduring credo for the *National Geographic*, the "Seven Principles" that still guide the editorial staff. These are (1) absolute accuracy, (2) an abundance of beautiful illustrations, (3) articles with permanent value, (4) everything trivial to be avoided, (5) nothing controversial to be published, (6) nothing unpleasant or unduly critical to be published, and (7) timeliness. From this we get the admirable if obsessive fact-checking, but also the blandness and the failures of analysis. That's why the magazine could publish articles on Germany and Italy in the 1930s without apprising its readers of certain unpleasant events taking place in the political arena of the two countries.

Nobody who has noted the ubiquity of those yellow covers will be surprised to learn of the worldly success of the

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Society and its magazine. Shortly before World War I, circulation passed the one hundred thousand mark; by 1957 it had reached 5,500,000. *National Geographic* now goes to eleven million people, third behind *Reader's Digest* and *TV Guide*, and the renewal rate is an enviable 84 percent. If that were not sufficient, the ancillary publishing interests of the Society have also enjoyed great success.

Grosvenor was succeeded by his son and eventually his grandson, and Abramson makes hay with the nepotism issue. He also is plainly resentful of the high salaries and perks enjoyed by the top officials of this non-profit organization. One gets a whiff of the editorial policy of Abramson's employer in some of his prose. He thinks the first Grosvenor's increasing wealth led him to a pro-fascist editorial policy. Sometimes he writes as if nobody's motives can be accepted at face value if his income is above a certain level—above, perhaps, that of an editor of the *Washington Post*. To do well while doing good apparently is impermissible.

Nevertheless, Abramson raises some valid public policy issues. In the intensely competitive field of popular magazine publishing, with its numerous expensive failures, what is the justification for this publication receiving enormous financial advantages by virtue of its non-profit status? Can it really be said that the publication is "non-profit" when so much of its benefit accrues to one family? Why should we believe that the Society is really owned by its members when they are denied the right even to visit the facilities they supposedly own? How would the magazine stand *vis-à-vis* its competition were it, like they, paying real estate taxes on its extensive properties and full freight on postal expenses? Would the Society have attained its present status without the support of prominent politicians beginning with William Howard Taft, a cousin of Gilbert Hovey Grosvenor?

Although Abramson is not an accomplished wordsmith, this book is worth reading. He has included a number of interesting photographs, not many of which would meet the Grosvenors' standards for inclusion in the *National Geographic*. These pictures confirm a nagging suspicion that the text first engendered: the original personalities—Hubbard, Bell, and Grosvenor—were followed by successors of a different mien: grayer, pudgier, and more pliant. The steel is gone. Perhaps that's the way it always is when the pioneers leave the stage and are succeeded by the consolidators.

Anyone interested in this subject can skip this book if he wishes and wait for the authorized version due to be published in time for next year's centennial celebration. It will have the benefit of the official records that Abramson couldn't obtain. But it will also probably be written with large quantities of whitewash, especially concerning *l'affaire Peary*, and without the embarrassing questions about public subsidies for a competitive commercial product. □

THE ENIGMA OF ARRIVAL

V. S. Naipaul/Alfred A. Knopf/$17.95

Aram Bakshian, Jr.

"For the first four days it rained," begins the narrator of V. S. Naipaul's latest novel. "I could hardly see where I was. Then it stopped raining and beyond the lawn and outbuildings in front of my cottage I saw fields with stripped trees on the boundaries of each field; and far away, depending on the light, glints of a little river, glints which sometimes appeared, oddly, to be above the level of the land."

The words could just as easily apply to the sense of gradually dispelling fog, and tantalizing horizon beyond, felt by readers of *The Enigma of Arrival* as Mr. Naipaul, one of the most impressive authors writing in English today, leads them through 354 pages of symbolism and reverie marketed as fiction but smelling strongly of autobiography. Sometimes engrossing, sometimes annoying, *Enigma* is both a sketchbook of simple, eternal variations on the theme of life's change and decay (set in a contemporary corner of rural England) and a rather spooky, if instructive, guided tour of its author's talented, troubled personality. As with some of his more memorable past fictional characters, Mr. Naipaul's autobiographical narrator in *Enigma* is a man haunted by two fears, failure and madness. He is also a formerly struggling, now established, Trinidad-born, Hindu-descended man of letters with a strong sense of distaste for almost every element of his personal and ancestral past, both of which are virtually identical to Mr. Naipaul's own.

While it is this very sense of critical alienation that has made Mr. Naipaul such an incisive debunker of the half-baked and the third-worldly in novels like *Guerrillas* and *A Bend in the River* (not to mention his extensive body of books and essays treating the same subjects factually, notably *India: A Wounded Civilization, An Area of Darkness*, and *The Return of Eva Peron with The Killings in Trinidad*), when embedded in the central character of *Enigma* the same trait does not make for a particularly pleasant—or sympathetic—hero/narrator.

There is a bit too much here of the obliviously selfish hypochondriac, a not-so-young Werther, beyond suicide but still prone to emotional self-absorption. Too often, other characters, though sharply, sometimes brilliantly observed, emerge from the page only as still photos of specimens viewed under a microscope. Their joys (of which there are characteristically few) and their travails (of which there are characteristically many) are more curious than real, something for the narrator to watch, not feel. By contrast, his appetite for endlessly savoring his own past emotional wounds, both large and small, seems inexhaustible. While this failing is typical of a whole class of conspicuously "sensitive" (or, as Mr. Naipaul characterizes himself, "raw-nerved") artists, few authors of Mr. Naipaul's stature have been so mired in it.

Will it pass with time? Perhaps, but unfortunately, it seems more entangled in his latest work than in most of the full-hearted, almost Dickensian effusions of his early years, when his wounded central ego was less intrusive, and a delightful gallery of colorful, distinctive individual characters in *Miguel Street, The Suffrage of Elvira, The Mystic Masseur*, and, most of all, *A House for Mr. Biswas*, lived their own tragi-comic lives, told their own stories, and earned for themselves a literary immortality one fears is not in store for the comparatively sparse, arid population of *Enigma*.

A particularly illuminating case in point is the narrator's handling of an incident involving a woman who had treated him with kindness in London when he was a hapless young college student from the colonies. Years later, as a successful writer, he receives a letter from her. She is lonely, in an obvious state of distress. He shares her desolation—along with most of the contents of her letter—with his readers, only to conclude: "I didn't go to see her. It would have been physically hard for me to go where she was. And her disturbance, her instability . . . was too unsettling to me."

This has prompted at least one critic, novelist Francis King, writing in the London *Spectator*, to observe that there "is always something shocking in the self-protectiveness of writers. To write about a former friend's unhappiness is not 'too unsettling,' but to try to alleviate it is."

For the casual reader, this will not be an easy book. Nor, to those unfamiliar with most of Mr. Naipaul's previous nineteen works (ten novels and nine volumes of nonfiction) will the effort necessarily prove rewarding. Typical adjectives used by other reviewers to describe it have been "odd," "haunting," and "alienated." All apply, in part if not in full, and there is an irritating element of repetition—as of frequent, slowly contracted circling around central details or insights—that may make the reader lose patience. Usually, however, it is the impatience of appetite, not boredom, the annoyances of the journey compensated for by the satisfaction of the reader's—if not the narrator's—arrival.

Although, with its rustic cottage setting and "second childhood" subtheme of delayed self-definition, it might well have been called *A House for Mr. Naipaul, Enigma* is not a self-supporting structure. Both its relevance and its revelations are largely dependent on a previous familiarity with the author and his body of work. The importance of that body of work, however, gives *Enigma* a value considerably beyond its limited appeal as a piece of fiction. If it does not represent V. S. Naipaul, the novelist, at his best, it does offer many insights into Mr. Naipaul himself; it is a minor guide to a major man of letters. One can only hope that writing *Enigma* has had a cathartic effect on Mr. Naipaul, recharging the emotional batteries of a great talent capable of far greater future work. □

Aram Bakshian, Jr. writes frequently on politics, history, and the arts.

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CAUSE AT HEART: A FORMER COMMUNIST REMEMBERS

Junius Scales/University of Georgia Press/$24.95

Harvey Klehr

Anyone curious about the attraction of Communism for many decent, idealistic Americans in the 1930s and 1940s would profit from reading Junius Scales's new autobiography, *Cause at Heart: A Former Communist Remembers.* Amidst the dozens of apologias and rationalizations that have appeared about the Communist experience in America, it joins a few others that manage to explain the attraction of Communism while recognizing its destructive results. Scales looks at his past "with some indulgence, some pity and certainly with some guilt and amazement."

Scales's contribution is also valuable because he is one of the few Southern Communists who have been able to explain honestly and without cant how Southern repression and segregation, when combined with liberal timidity, produced Communists. There was certainly little in Junius Scales's background to make one suspect that he would become the most prominent Communist leader in North Carolina. Born in 1920 into a socially and politically prominent Greensboro family that traced its heritage to the settlement of Jamestown in the 1600s, he grew up in a 36-room mansion, filled with servants. Although financial reverses eventually drove his parents down into the middle class, Scales lived a very protected and sheltered early life. He did not enter public school until he was 12, an idealistic and gentle boy who had little contact with his peers. Intellectually precocious, repelled by the acquisitive impulses, bigotry, and philistinism of fellow-students, Scales was lonely and unhappy, even attempting suicide just prior to his freshman year at college.

The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill was a mecca for such a bright, sensitive student. He found interesting intellectual companions, settings in which ideas were taken seriously, and people who judged others on the quality of their ideas and behavior, not on race. "I had never known a Negro, except as a servant," he notes, and yet at integrated conferences he was sitting next to Negroes and talking to them. Scales quickly fell in with a group of radical students and teachers and was deeply influenced by them.

His days at UNC coincided with the Spanish Civil War. A fervent supporter of the Republic, delighted that the Soviet Union was providing it with aid, and convinced that "fascism meant the dominance of the know-nothing, bigoted hateful brutality that I knew locally," he was exactly the sort of student the campus Communists were anxious to enlist during the heyday of the Popular Front. Several faculty tried to recruit him in early 1939. Scales had been suspicious of the Party but finally concluded that if he wanted to stand with the poor and oppressed he should join; he could always leave if it did not meet his expectations.

Within a few months Scales was ready to quit; the Chapel Hill Communists were inefficient, talked in clichés, and were hateful to their political opponents. Moreover, he was disturbed by the need to conceal his affiliation with the Party. Had he followed his impulse, Scales would have been like many, if not most, of the people who joined the CPUSA in the 1930s, briefly remained members, and then departed.

Before Scales could act on his impulse, however, he met and worked for a summer with Bart Logan, the Party's District Organizer for the Carolinas. Logan's dedication, courage, and humility were inspiring. So too was the experience of meeting "real Communists," working people, both black and white. The sheltered, sensitive young college student had discovered poverty and misery firsthand and believed he was working with the only group willing to do something about both.

Horrified as he was by the Nazi-Soviet Pact, Scales accepted Logan's justification of it as an opportunity for the USSR to buy time. Sent to Chapel Hill to explain the Pact to the local comrades, he forgot his earlier reservations and basked in the glow of "leadership." He was soon a prominent figure both in student politics and, surreptitiously, the State Communist brain trust. Visiting Communist firemen like Clifford Odets and Anna Louise Strong offered young students like Scales a sense that their faith was not misplaced. (Several years ago, a biography of Anna Louise Strong claimed that the lies she told on behalf of the Soviet Union had done little harm. Not the least of the harm they did was to buttress the beliefs of young people like Scales.)

Working for a year as a textile organizer in High Point confirmed Scales's belief that the Party protected the interests of working people; attendance at a Communist training school in New York provided the indoctrination that turned him into a cadre, committed to the cause and mindful of how difficult it was to be a good Communist. Scales notes that one of the powerful attractions of the Party was "the feeling of being one of the elect, of self-denial in behalf of a great cause, of self-sacrifice for the good of mankind, the heady sense of being in the right with a mere handful of others."

That kind of idealism and arrogance did not prevent Communists like Scales from abjectly altering their positions when the Party line changed. Scales served in the Army during World War II; he was angered by the ouster of Earl Browder as Party leader in 1945 but was eventually persuaded of the correctness of the decision. The shift in policy did not induce questioning about the Party, but about himself. "What did I, a product of the big bourgeoisie/landed aristocracy, a half-baked intellectual, know about politics?" Later, when he was serving in the Party underground, Scales would have doubts, not about the bizarre policy but only "of my adequacy for the job I had taken on."

Scales offers a wonderfully nuanced look at the kinds of people who were attracted to Communism in the South; the idealistic and the oppressed, as well as the fanatical and dogmatic. He emphasizes that the Party's role as one of the only organizations where blacks and whites worked together was a powerful factor in the loyalties of many of its members.

He also is clear about the Party's shortcomings. As leader of the Party in Chapel Hill, he manipulated members to get the results he wanted. "As always," he notes about the time he orchestrated the expulsion of two Party members, "the glorious end justified the slimy means and I had to squelch that persistent inner voice which suggested that perhaps the unsavory means was tainting the quality of the socialist goal." Party members had an arrogance that often repelled other people. Even while counseling his comrades to practice tact, Scales realized that he was asking them to be deceptive; in effect he was advising them to hide their conviction that Communists did have all the answers.

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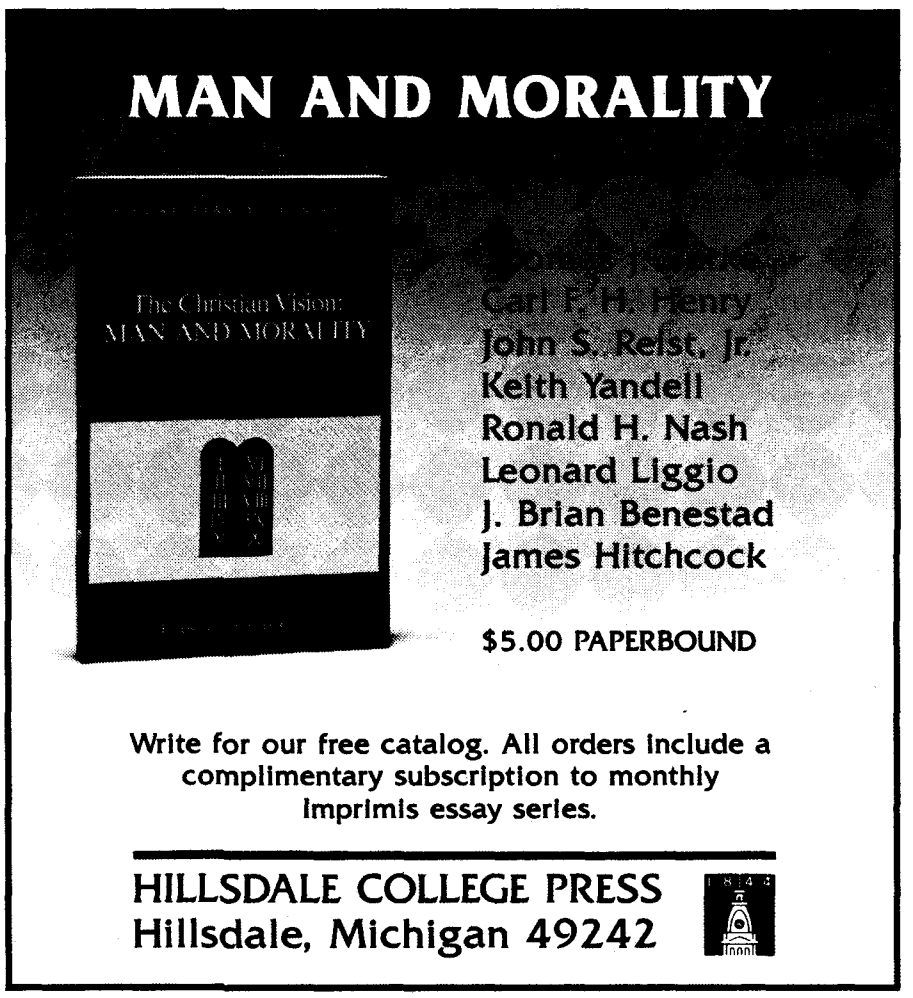
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Scales falters when he describes the reaction in 1947 of his fellow members of the North Carolina chapter of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, a New Deal inspired group often accused of being a Communist front, to his revelation that he had been for some time a secret member of the Party. He was not prepared for the anger, "the hatred and fear of Communism, even in so liberal an organization." Yet, the liberals who had vehemently denied conservative charges of Communist infiltration of their organization certainly had cause to be angry with Scales, who had, after all, been dishonest about his true loyalties.

With bruising honesty he notes that even the good work done by Communists—on behalf of labor and civil liberties—was tainted. The Party screamed about civil rights but conducted its own internal heresy hunts for "white chauvinists" and probed its members' sex lives. Party members built a strong labor union among Winston-Salem tobacco workers, yet their ideal, the Soviet Union, "had converted unions into managerial tools to facilitate the control and exploitation of workers." Moreover, one textile union's newspaper, controlled by the Party, always "would contain some item about the lot of workers in the Soviet Union or the Soviet role in maintaining world peace, items which were barefaced (though unintentional) lies."

For several years in the early 1950s Scales went "underground," separated from his family for long stretches, living under aliases, and traveling surreptitiously throughout the South to maintain contact with Party units functioning in a semi-clandestine manner. At the time it fortified his sense of importance and rectitude; in retrospect, he admits, it increased the Party's isolation.

Scales was the first Communist convicted, under the membership clause of the Smith Act, for being a member of an organization that had conspired to teach and advocate the overthrow of the government by force and violence. While out on appeal, he became disillusioned with the Communist movement following Nikita Khrushchev's revelations of Stalin's crimes. Active in the faction seeking to reform the Communist Party, Scales soon came to realize that if the opposing group "had state power in their hands, they would kill us! They'd stand us against the wall!" That same realization, of course, lies at the heart of the fierce hostility and contempt with which American Communists were regarded by their countrymen. It took Scales some twenty years to understand the Party he had joined. Convinced that the "dream had become a cruel, convoluted hoax," he resigned from the Party early in 1957 with "enough failures to provide me with grief and guilt for decades to come."

The United States government was unimpressed. His conviction was reversed but Scales was retried, even though he was no longer a Communist. He quite properly ridicules the weak government case that either he or the Communist Party had been preparing to use force and violence, noting that "the simple truth revealed quite enough wrong with the Party"—its rigid adherence to the Soviet Union, a policy that "was mostly poisonous and tended to adulterate such constructive activities" as building unions and supporting civil rights.

Scales was once again convicted by a North Carolina jury, a decision upheld by a 5-4 vote of the Supreme Court. He served 15 months in prison before President Kennedy commuted his sentence. In a final gesture, the Communist Party, to which he had dedicated his life, obstructed fund-raising efforts for his defense now that he had broken with it. □

BERLIN DIARIES: 1940-1945
Marie Vassiltchikov/Alfred A. Knopf/$19.95

Franz M. Oppenheimer

Once upon a time two young Russian princesses, who were as poor as church mice, arrived in a big city far away from home. The city was Berlin and the time the summer of 1939. Even for princesses neither the place nor the time were propitious.

The younger of the two sisters started to keep these diaries on January 1, 1940, eleven days before her twenty-third birthday. She kept her diary until September 1945, and almost miraculously her entries survived the war except those made between June 1941 and July 1943, of which only a few survived—a hiatus filled in this meticulous and imaginative edition of the *Berlin Diaries* by excerpts from her letters and by notes of the editor, the diarist's younger brother, George Vassiltchikov.

Not long after Marie Vassiltchikov's arrival in Berlin, she became a refugee for the second time. When she was a baby her family had had to flee from Russia, but then had the luck to have estates in Lithuania where they found a comfortable refuge. But when Hitler gave Stalin a free hand in Lithuania, the Vassiltchikovs had again to flee for their lives, this time without a penny, and the sisters again became refugees.

The princesses had come to Berlin not because of any love for Germany or the Nazis, but because they needed a job, and Germany and Italy were then virtually the only countries where even well-connected foreigners could obtain a work permit. Berlin was not the last station from which Marie Vassiltchikov (known as Missie, and always so referred to by her brother in the notes) had to flee. After the failure of the July 1944 plot against Hitler, Missie was persuaded that she would be safer in Vienna, and at the close of the diaries she had managed to escape by a perilous journey from the Soviet advance in Austria to Western Germany.[1]

Many unsparing judgments on the conduct of people living under a totalitarian regime stem from a natural inability to imagine what their life is like. While there can be no sufficient substitute for the experience itself, reading contemporary diaries comes closest to giving one some understanding of the realities. This is particularly true of the diaries of a young girl like Missie who had no axe to grind, and who risked death and torture by writing down what she saw, heard, and thought.

Uncensored immediacy distinguishes Missie's diaries from those of Ursula von Kardorff (*Diary of a Nightmare: Berlin, 1942-45*; 1966) and of Hans-Georg von Studnitz (*While Berlin Burns*, 1965). Yet all three books have one theme in common: that of daily life somehow continuing under monstrous circumstances. Virtually until the last days there were dinner parties, cocktail parties, embassy receptions, and in 1940 there were still diplomatic balls, even though public dancing was prohibited in January 1940, together with baths that were permitted only on Saturdays and Sundays. But the layer of social glitter was thin. On July 30, 1942, Missie writes:

> I have been going out here every night for the past three weeks and have reached a state of complete exhaustion. But this is the only way to have at least one decent meal a day.

The lack of food made even a young girl's health precarious; there were frequent battles with colds, the flu, and scarlet fever. But even when hungry, exhausted, and worried sick over the fate of friends and relatives, a beautiful girl in her early twenties can thrill to buying a new hat or dress, though as the horrors mount, such entries disappear.

And horrors crowd the *Berlin Diaries*. Marie Vassiltchikov's talent for choosing the telling detail and the simple phrase makes the reader witness the destruction of Berlin by air raids, which began in the fall of 1943, in a way surpassing the immediacy even of television:

> Maria [Baroness von Gersdorff, a friend] had gone out to buy some bread. She soon returned with an old lady on her arm, wrapped in a white shawl. She had stumbled into her at the street corner and, peering into her grimy face, had recognized her own eighty-year-old mother, who had been trying to reach her, walking through the burning town all night. Her own flat had been completely burnt out . . .

That same day, November 24, Missie tried to reach her office at the Foreign Ministry, where by then she worked in

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[1]The terror-haunted flights of the Vassiltchikov family since the Russian Revolution are described in Missie's sister, Tatiana Metternich's autobiography, *Bericht eines ungewöhnlichen Lebens*, which covers some of the same ground as the *Berlin Diaries* during the time the two sisters lived together in Berlin from 1939 to September 1941, when Tatiana married Prince Metternich. Tatiana's highly readable account, recollected in tranquillity, should also be made available in English translation.

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the archives, "in the hope—wildly optimistic, as it turned out—of jumping into a hot bath as soon as I got there." Ashes rained down her head. "I could breathe only by holding a handkerchief to my mouth." She finds her office building gone, though still burning.

> By now the sight of those endless rows of burnt-out or still burning buildings had got the better of me and I was beginning to feel panicky. The whole district, many of its houses so familiar to me, had been wiped out in just one night! I started to run . . .

From then on an important part of the diary traces that wiping out from week to week. On March 30, 1944, Missie writes in Krumhübel, in the mountains on the Silesian-Czechoslovak border whereto the Foreign Ministry had been partially evacuated in January: "Berlin must be perfectly ghastly; no water (each family gets two pails a day, delivered by soldiers), no light and no gas . . ." Yet she writes on the same day that she has received an invitation to visit Berlin: "I am delighted as it is very difficult to stay away for so long from the 'scene of action.' "

The principal reason why Missie returns to Berlin again and again and why she embarks on other most strenuous and dangerous journeys is her need to see not the "scene of action" but her many friends. Her gift for friendship and her identification with the lives of her friends shine through these pages and give them their old-fashioned human warmth.

Almost all her friends were of the high nobility. Many belonged to former sovereign families, others were princes and *reichsunmittelbare* counts, i.e., knighted by an emperor of the medieval Holy Roman Empire as opposed to a head of one of the innumerable duchies and principalities into which that Empire dissolved. Only a few were mere barons, and it would be hard to find more than two or three friends mentioned who are bourgeois.

But before you accuse Missie of snobbery consider that few people manage to break out of the social universe in which they have been born; and the Vassiltchikov girls who found themselves poor refugees in a foreign city had no choice but to find people with whom they had family ties. Moreover, the natural and spontaneous way in which the European nobility lived with one another tended to segregate them from other classes.

An illuminating vignette illustrating these class differences is found in two sentences stuck away in a long description of the wedding of Princess Maria-Adelgunde of Hohenzollern and Prince Konstantin of Bavaria, which took place in Castle Sigmaringen (later the last refuge of the Pétain government, described by Céline) among "millions of Hohenzollerns and Wittelsbachs"—in the summer of the third year of the war!

Missie, after having been met at the station by a man sent "to help carry my bags," stays at the castle and describes what happened before dinner the following night: "As we dressed, the men kept popping in to have us help them with their ties or powder their freshly-shaven chins—all very family-like and *gemütlich.*" Forty-five years later in the greening Germany of today I can think of quite a few upper-class but bourgeois German hostesses who would quail at such a scene—which they would find not family-like but bohemian or worse.

Missie's social setting helped to determine her politics. The high nobility was international; while their class was essential, their nationality was accidental. More significantly, Missie's friends had a withering contempt and a visceral rejection of Hitler and Nazism. Missie's diary is unconcerned with political theories; indeed she criticized some of her friends for being concerned with political questions other than killing Hitler. She simply loathes the Nazis, and abhors their crimes as inevitably as she breathes. In the Foreign Ministry she has access to BBC news transcripts and to the foreign press, and hence knows sooner than others what those crimes were. Yet there is no evidence of her having known anything about the gas chambers, though she was aware of "these monstrous anti-Jewish persecutions," of deportations and of Theresienstadt.

On June 14, 1940, she notes "Paris surrendered today. Strange how lukewarm the reaction is here. There is absolutely no feeling of elation." And ten days later, she writes of a party given by the American-born wife of an Italian diplomat: "It strikes me as somewhat indecent to be so jolly, considering what is happening in France." She is severely critical of an acquaintance, not knowing that he was one of the July 20 conspirators, because he refrained from open criticism.

Unlike Studnitz, she is not only certain very early in the war that defeat is inevitable, but she hopes for it. She, together with her sister, argued hard to convince their mother, two of whose brothers had been killed by the Bolsheviks during the Russian Revolution, that "Hitler was no less a fiend than Stalin."

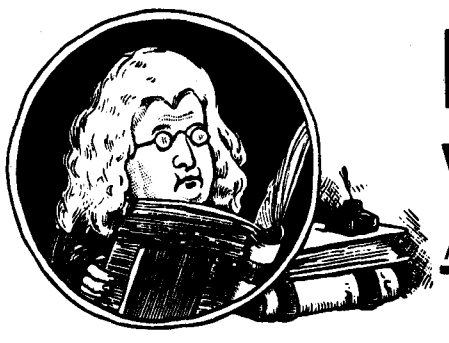
The diaries leave no doubt that Missie was informed of the efforts of her friends to overthrow the regime as early as August 1943 when she was staying at Count Gottfried Bismarck's house in Potsdam, and notes that Count Helldorf, the chief of police of Berlin, and Bismarck confer late into the night about "the Conspiracy." As the fateful July 20, 1944 approaches, the diary reflects the tension of the wait, and after that day's failure, reflects first unbearable uncertainty about the fate of her friends, and soon after the crushing certainty about their torture and death. "Wherever I turn, everybody is disappearing one by one."

Her courage, fed by the uncomplicated faith of a Russian Orthodox Christian, is admirable. Even though she was herself in constant danger of being arrested and executed, she attempts to deliver parcels and notes for her friends Ambassador Schulenburg, Gottfried Bismarck, and Adam von Trott right into the Gestapo prison.

Totalitarianism and human nature are complex. At the outset I struck a note of caution about pronouncing judgments on people living under totalitarianism. How can such judgments do justice to the agonies of Missie's friends, many of whom had been early idealistic young Nazis before Hitler's rise to power, but who had started risking torture and death in fighting Hitler when they discovered the truth?

And how can we square the simplicities of sweeping judgments with the lives of such as Missie's close friend Prince Heinrich zu Sayn-Wittgenstein-Sayn, who was of French and Russian ancestry, hated the Nazis, speculated on blowing himself up with Hitler when they shook hands, who "having grown up in Switzerland" was "barely German"; and who shot down eighty-three Allied planes before he was shot down himself in 1944?

These diaries communicate more than the everyday rations of oppression, fear, torture, and death under totalitarianism; they communicate almost miraculously the physical and spiritual presence of a beautiful, spontaneous, warm, natural, and totally unspoilt young girl. After finishing her diaries, one cannot help being in love with her. □



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Under the Deodars the Phantom 'Rickshaw Wee Willie Winkie, by Rudyard Kipling (Doubleday, Doran & Co, Inc.: New York). Alex J. Diepenbrock, 1121 Milan Ave., South Pasadena, CA 91030.

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The Mayors & Recorders of Pittsburgh 1816-1951: Their Lives & Somewhat of Their Times, by Allen Humphrey Kerr, typescript, (Pittsburgh, PA: 1952). T. Drumheller, 2408 Bellwood Ct., Pittsburgh, PA 15237.

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MANHATTAN '45

Jan Morris/Oxford University Press/$17.95

Richard Brookhiser

New York, writes Jan Morris in this valentine to just-postwar Gotham, has never lost "its excitement, its power to move, its limitless energy; but never again, perhaps, would it possess the particular mixture of innocence and sophistication, romance and formality, generosity and self-amazement, which characterized it" in 1945.

I came to *Manhattan '45* as a fan of Morris and a fanatic for New York history, and I was slightly disappointed on both counts. There is too much gush in Morris's prose here and not really enough nostalgic nuggets.

But we fans are grateful for whatever we get. And who can resist tidbits like these?

> The Empire State high-speed elevators had lately been slowed down, from 1200 feet per minute to 1000 feet, because people sometimes felt seasick in them. . . . Where else did secretaries drop the morning mail down mail chutes 800 feet long, iced to prevent the letters catching fire?

Or these?

> At number 972 [Fifth Avenue] was Mrs. Helen Payne Whitney, widowed heiress to $178 million, with the cherry and black racing colors of the Whitney stables flying from the roof. . . . In the library of her house on the corner of 51st Street, almost opposite St. Patrick's, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt was At Home each evening, with . . . her usual assortment of diplomats, maharajahs, admirals, local swells and foreign royalty—as she remarked to a visiting Englishman once, "I have known personally three of your kings."

Or, most remarkably, these?

> Few foreigners commented then, as they would so often later, upon the rudeness of Manhattan. On the contrary, they far more often wondered at its formality. . . . Punctiliously did every man remove his hat, when a woman stepped into the elevator; diffidently did the murmur come "Out, please," when somebody wanted to leave.

In my life, I've heard one defense of the manners of New Yorkers, from a Queens girl, just moved to Powertown, who complained that the stately shuffle which passes for walking in Washington is actually inconsiderate: Hurrying New Yorkers, by contrast, appreciate the fact that you are probably hurrying somewhere yourself, and step lively to keep the traffic flowing. But this is certainly the minority view.

We read period pieces, and pieces about periods, to smile at the gadgets or manners of the past. We also use them as monitors of larger rises and falls—dipsticks in the oil of history. New York is widely thought to be running low these days. What, using Morris's book as a gauge, has changed for the worse in the last forty years?

The most obvious blow to the city has been the arrival of the International Style of architecture. "The predominant look of Manhattan," writes Morris, used to be "beguilingly idiosyncratic. A building might be made of bricks of a dozen different colours, or clad in artificial textiles, or decorated with Aztec motifs, or flaunt a big glass globe on top, or sprout with sculpture and abstract images. . . . They set out, as Frank Lloyd Wright remarked, not only to amaze, but also to entertain." In recent years, there has been a reaction to the blight of Bauhaus, Post-Modernism, and even a reaction to the reaction, as critics notice that a lot of the post-modern buildings are ugly. Well, so what? Most buildings are ugly because most architects aren't geniuses. The question is, what kind of ugliness do you want to live with? One that gives the eye something to look at, or one that looks like packing crates? While the artists wrangle, give me a crew of sappers and a week to work. We will begin by dynamiting the PanAm building; then we shall range up and down Third, Park, and Sixth Avenues, blasting and leveling as we go. Only the Seagram Building will be spared, on account of its proximity to the Four Seasons.

Another change for the worse has been less a decline than a reversion to type, and that is crooks in government. In 1945, the mayor was Fiorello LaGuardia—"an inflexible fighter of municipal corruption." Before him was Tammany Hall. Now there is Ed Koch.

No one accuses Mayor Koch of being personally corrupt. Indeed, everyone says no one accuses him—it has become the obligatory opening of all corruption discussions, as ritualized as *Oyez! Oyez!* But the fact is, under Koch, the pols are once again in it up to their elbows, and it seems like half the borough presidents are suicides or jailbirds. If Koch is honest, which I still believe he is, then he is dumb or lazy, take your pick.

Apart from actual thievery, there is the corruption of benefit-mongering, which infects all political discourse. What is worse about, say, Bess Myerson, the former Miss America turned former cultural-affairs commissioner—that she took the Fifth before a federal grand jury investigating her lover, a crooked sewer contractor; or that, for two decades, a vain, applause-hungry woman has used the cant of compassion to catapult herself into positions of power?

Two elections ago, I thought Koch, mainly because of his seeming independence from this kind of thing, was the best New York was likely to get. I still think so. The best, it is now clear, is a lot worse than I thought.

A third change for the worse has been an apparent drying up of manufacturing and commerce. Take the Port of New York. Morris describes "the ocean steamships stacked side by side from the Battery up into the 60s, parked there like trucks in their bays. . . . They are part of the island's shape, and their protruding angular piers seem to complete the composition of the city, like a decorative frame." Today, Manhattan's slips are landfilled; the wharves sit crumbling in the Hudson like beached plesiosaurs, or Roman ruins. It is possible to get sentimental about heavy industry. A few years ago, the three-piece-suit left—the Felix Rohatyns of this world—were using the deindustrialization of the Northeast as an argument for corporate socialism, or state capitalism, or whatever the buzzword was. Business moves on to

---

Richard Brookhiser, managing editor of National Review, *is the author of* The Outside Story *(Doubleday).*

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other business. But I sometimes wonder, walking through Soho, if it is an entirely good thing that every old loft building—WEINSTOCK AND WEINSTOCK, BALL-BEARINGS—has become a gallery. (If they still sold ball-bearings, of course, I wouldn't be walking there.) Will George Gilder please explain it to me?

So there is food for thought in *Manhattan '45*. But don't go to it for a main course. This is browsing—with one exception, Morris's dedication: a noble gesture, gracefully explained. □

EDITORIALS
(continued from page 9)

we see emerging through the electoral process a yearning for life without weirdness. After decades of wild rides goaded on by dubious idealists, hoi polloi seem to have settled for economic growth and competence. On both sides of the Atlantic we see elites that failed to get the message. And on both sides of the Atlantic we continue to see the well-born parking their limousines at the edge of the woods and plunging into the wilderness in pursuit of "the simple life."

This is very odd, but this is precisely what Prince Charles is doing. Some weeks ago he sought "the simple life" with an 81-year-old "adventurer" in the Kalahari Desert, of all places. Just the other day he sought it on a remote island off Scotland where he went "crofting." I do not know what "crofting" is and I shall not ask as it has something to do with digging in the dirt and sounds quite disgusting. I had hoped that Prince Charles would recognize the aspirations of his subjects for progress under Mrs. Thatcher and return from the wilderness to announce that the simple life stinks. Alas, as with so many of the elites in the West, he has not yet gotten the message that with capitalism comes progress and ordinary human beings prefer progress to the simple life of socialism. □

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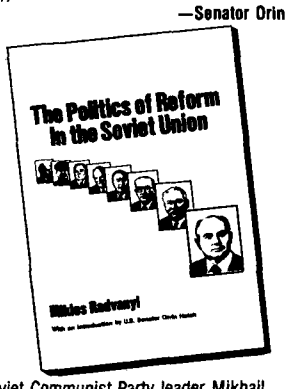

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CORRESPONDENCE
(continued from page 7)

among those who call themselves conservatives in any sense. Freedom of choice is essential to any political philosophy centered on human dignity, provided that individuals accept the consequences of their choices and that such choices be in general accord with the greater good of the society as a whole. That cobbled-up definition is unlikely to appease Platonic authoritarians, antinomian libertarians, or, for that matter, reactionary populists.

In my view it would be shameful if The Movement required ideological loyalty oaths. Historically, conservatism has been inclined to impose order too rigorously, probably because, as George F. Kennan observed, that is more readily attainable than justice. Mr. Pauken would do well to browse through back issues of the *National Review* to remind himself of what Frank S. Meyer, James Burnham, John Dos Passos, and Russell Kirk, among many thoughtful conservatives, had to say so well about thought-control, compulsory allegiance, and the mindset of police-states.

As to my "elitist perspective" or kinship with "those Ivy League technocrats (the 'Best and the Brightest' breed)" or likeness to Michael Kinsley and the *New Republic* school, I reckon I ought to feel thoroughly scolded. Strictly speaking, elitism denotes a regard for high standards and principles by which excellence is measured, and I trust that, though a simple Hoosier yeoman of middling condition, I am able to appreciate the worth of the good, the true, and the beautiful. Mr. Pauken apparently takes elitism to connote the snobbery of arrogant, supercilious, high-handed grandees who mistake their academic, social, and economic privileges for the right to lord it over the commoners. He may be right, because I've seen with my own eyes what going to Culver, DePauw, Wabash, Earlham, or Franklin can do to change otherwise unassuming youngsters into self-assured, purposeful citizens.

I can't let Mr. Pauken's charge of "thinly veiled contempt for Cliff White" pass unchallenged. If it seemed to him that way, let me hasten to say my admiration for Mr. White's accomplishments on behalf of the Republican party is both thickly garbed and nakedly apparent. Indeed, if "The Conservatives" has a single hero, other than Barry Goldwater, it's Clifton White, whose counsel is still as wise and sound as ever. I hope Mitch Daniels grows up to be just like him. If I may be excused for gratuitous elitism, it is my fervent wish that the profession of politics, both for officeholders or organizers, will attract more persons of high intelligence, strong competence, and stainless integrity in the tradition of Messrs. White and Daniels. May they also serve disproportionately in the ranks of the Republican party and traditional conservatism. Let the hacks fall where they may. Finally, Mr. Pauken has my thanks for concerning himself so passionately with "seeking a real understanding of how and why conservatives got where we are today in American society." That is what I too am after, reasonably more than passionately. Although I think that Neal Freeman's "Conservatives," while instructive in many ways, fails to take into account the necessary breadth and depth of a complex subject. I called it as I saw it.

The Future of Evangelicalism

As one who teaches at a college which James Davison Hunter used as part of his data base for his study of the future of evangelicalism, I was very interested in Herbert Schlossberg's review of Professor Hunter's *Evangelicalism: The Coming Generation* (*TAS*, March 1987). Having read the book myself, I believe that Hunter's work is immensely important, a fact acknowledged by Mr. Schlossberg.

Now, I know that no book is perfect and no reviewer wants to be charged with writing an unabashed encomium. However, in his attempt to balance the scales a bit, Mr. Schlossberg makes criticisms of Hunter's book which I believe to be unwarranted: First, Mr. Schlossberg needs to re-read Hunter's chapter on the family. Nowhere does Hunter argue that parental love is inherently socially conditioned. What Hunter does argue is that the idealized family of some fundamentalists is more a reflection of a nineteenth-century family ideal than a Biblical ideal. Second, Mr. Schlossberg wonders why Hunter chose to focus his study on what he calls "neo-evangelicalism." The answer is simple and academically sound: Professor Hunter was interested in studying that cultural network, known as American evangelicalism, which has historically seen itself as being the bearer of theological orthodoxy. Certainly Southern Baptists and Missouri Synod Lutherans are important, but to merge these groups with American evangelicals would be the sociological equivalent of mixing apples and oranges. Third, Mr. Schlossberg questions whether the only choices left to evangelicals in their confrontation with modernity is—in Schlossberg's words—"conformity or ghettoization." In place of these options Mr. Schlossberg suggests a third way which he identifies as being "the salt of the earth" option. I know exactly what Mr. Schlossberg means, and I share his concern. However, in light of the pressures of the modern world, a point central to Hunter's analysis, is there really reason to believe that the Christian witness can remain untainted by the pressures to accommodate? I, along with Mr. Schlossberg, would hope so—but, Hunter's arguments are persuasive enough that I am not as optimistic as I once was and apparently Mr. Schlossberg still is.

Finally, Herbert Schlossberg concludes his review by encouraging Hunter to move on to work that Schlossberg believes is more important. I find this statement to be totally perplexing. Professor Hunter is a brilliant and prolific young scholar whose work has enriched us all and will continue to do so. I, for one, hope that James Hunter ignores Mr. Schlossberg's advice.

—Dean C. Curry, Chairman
Department of History
and Political Science
Messiah College
Grantham, Pennsylvania

Herbert Schlossberg replies:

I'm surprised that Dean Curry would respond so to a very favorable review of *Evangelicalism: The Coming Generation*. Anyone not familiar with the review who read his response would be unprepared to learn that I judged the author to be "completely convincing" in his statement of the basic thesis, or that the last paragraph concluded that "it's good to have such thoughtful work from a young sociologist." Such criticisms as there were should be attributed to what I saw in the book rather than to any fear of writing too favorable an assessment, as Mr. Curry implies.

Now to the specifics. (1) On the fami-

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ly, while acknowledging a possible overstatement, Hunter quotes with approval the opinion that children were regarded as deserving of "little adult sympathy or compassion." Thus it's natural that he regards the normal display of family affection as an example of "hyperindividuation and hypersentimentalization." That is why he thinks the evangelicals' regard for the "traditional family" is a hearkening to the nineteenth century rather than to the biblical sources they think they're referencing. Upon taking Mr. Curry's advice and rereading the chapter in question, I think his interpretation is also possible, but if that's what Hunter had in mind then many of his readers will be misled. (2) With respect to Hunter's focus on neo-evangelicalism, I have no quarrel with anyone defining his subject as he chooses. My remarks on that score are based entirely on the fact that Hunter often makes generalizations about what he calls "conservative Protestantism" (at least a dozen times in the first chapter alone), and, as the review says, he defines evangelicalism in those terms. But his evidence comes only from the one subset of that universe. (3) If there is no practical alternative to either ghettoization or conformity, as Mr. Curry suggests, then I find it hard to understand what he himself thinks he's doing. Coincidentally, the same mail delivery in which his letter arrived brought from his publisher (with ninety-four cents postage due) a book to which he is a contributor. Leafing through his contribution, I read that "Christians have a special responsibility to help reconstruct the public square. . . ." Hence no ghettoization. But they must not "simply mirror trendy assumptions. . . ." Hence no conformity. I take it, then, that he agrees with my perspective rather than with Hunter's. (4) My suggestion for Hunter's future efforts were based on my undisguised conviction that survey research ought to be left to people (like graduate students) who can do nothing requiring more sophistication, and my undisguised admiration for Mr. Hunter's ability to do something more important.

Finally, I think Mr. Curry is too solicitous for his friend's reputation, taking umbrage as he does with such a glowing report. If he and I receive no reviews more unfavorable than mine of Mr. Hunter's work, a most unlikely outcome, we shall be fortunate indeed.

Last Year in Chernobyl

Jonathan Cohen's article on the Russian nuclear reactor accident at Chernobyl ("Chernobyl Anniversary Time," *TAS*, April 1987) is one of the best summary articles on this incident that I have read. . . .

However, I must take issue with Mr. Cohen on one important point, namely that a graphite fire was responsible for most of the radioactive materials dispersed over the Ukraine and Western Europe. Graphite is extremely difficult to burn, and there is no evidence that graphite burning was responsible for the dispersal of radioactive materials.

In brief, the accident was caused by a very rapid power excursion which melted the fuel, failed the zirconium cladding, and vaporized the water coolant. The rapid steam formation blew out both the top and bottom core pressure tubes, then blew open the top reactor cover plate and ejected fuel and graphite and lifted nuclear fuel particles and fission products high into the atmosphere. The graphite blown from the core would have been below its peak operating temperature of 750 °C. Much of the fuel would have been fragmented and molten. This damage to the core set up a natural air draft chimney, driven by the nuclear decay heat, which probably continued to release fission products to the atmosphere for several days until it was smothered by sand, and cooled by nitrogen pumped under the core.

The Soviet report to the IAEA on the accident contains a calculational estimate of the core temperatures as a function of time following the accident. It estimated that the fuel temperature, and hence the graphite temperature, was about 600-700 °C in the days following the initial explosion. This temperature is high enough to cause the graphite to glow, but not burn. In addition, the fission product release during this period shows characteristics which are consistent with low fuel (and graphite) temperatures, i.e., transport of small fuel particles, and is completely different from the release to be expected if there was a large graphite fire, i.e., predominant release of volatile fission products.

Even if all of the core graphite that the Soviets estimate was lost—about 10 percent, or 200 tonnes, is assumed to be oxidized, this corresponds to a rate of loss of only .07%/hr. over the six-day period following the initial explosion. This is well below the rate for a self-sustaining "burning" of graphite. Even if all this graphite were assumed to be oxidized in the most exothermic fashion, the total energy generated from graphite oxidation is less than half of the energy generated by decay heat in the fuel in the same time interval. Thus, nuclear decay heat was the prime driving force for the transport of fuel particles and fission products from the core.

The evidence for graphite burning is the red glow visible in pictures taken of the damaged core and the Russian estimate of a 10 percent loss of core graphite. As already noted, however, a significant amount of graphite was ejected in the initial steam explosion. As graphite glows red at temperatures of about 600 °C, considerably below that at which any significant oxidation takes place (let alone burning), the most likely cause of the red glow was the small graphite pieces in the rubble bed on top of the core that were maintained at temperatures of 700 °C and above by the heated air column.

In summary, the bulky core graphite temperature was probably quite low following the accident (600-700 °C). There may have been some oxidation of the graphite, but it is unlikely that there was any self-sustained burning; and the decay heat from the fuel was the major driving force for the observed fission product release after the major release accompanying the initial explosion. Finally, the release would have occurred whether or not the graphite was present. In fact, the early releases of fission products would likely have been much larger if the graphite had not been present to act as a heat sink to slow the increase in temperature of the fuel elements.

Again, I found the Cohen article to be excellent overall and hope these comments will be accepted in a constructive manner.

—Thomas A. Johnston
Executive Consultant
GA Technologies Inc.
San Diego, California

Jonathan Cohen is quite right: it would be folly for Western nations to abandon their nuclear power plants because an unstable Soviet RBMK finally lurched out of control. We in the American nuclear community knew that the Soviet design was flawed back in the 1950s. In fact, at meetings in those early days, those of us who had successfully pushed for containment structures around U.S. reactors remember being "given the gears" by some of our colleagues because of what was deemed our excessive concern for safety in contrast to the pragmatic and much less costly path the Soviets had opted to take.

Once the United States decided to make nuclear safety a priority, however, it never backed off. Time, of course, has proved the wisdom of that decision. It is likely that if the Soviet reactor had been housed in a U.S.-style containment building, we in the West would never have heard of the accident; none of the radioactivity would have escaped. We in the United States pioneered a light water nuclear technology which has an unparalleled safety record. It would be a shame to forgo the decided strategic and environmen-

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tal advantages of this non-fossil-burning energy source because of the callousness and technical ineptitude of the Soviet Union.

—Henry Hurwitz, Jr.
Schenectady, New York

Jonathan Cohen replies:
Thomas Johnston's analysis of the role of graphite in the disaster is enlightening and convincing. However, it doesn't negate the fact that graphite adds a fire and radiation hazard to the design of the RBMK. I have two other corrections. In a footnote I referred to "the two graphite reactors operated by the federal government for nuclear weapons production." This is a mistake, since there is only one such dangerous white elephant (in Hanford, Washington). In addition, I mentioned that Chernobyl operators "struggled through the early morning hours on April 25 and into the afternoon on April 26 to produce the right conditions." I should have written: "through the early morning hours on April 25 and into the afternoon of the same day." As I explained later in the article, it was early in the morning of the 26th that Chernobyl Unit 4 exploded.

On Jewishness
I was surprised to read the comments of the usually perspicacious Franz M. Oppenheimer in the April issue of *TAS*, regarding the Cardinal of Paris, Jean-Marie Cardinal Lustiger. Mr. Oppenheimer quotes with *apparent* approval (and I hope I am wrong) Cardinal Lustiger's ideas on his own Jewishness: "I do not stop being a Jew. . . . By embracing Christianity, I finally discovered the values of Judaism . . . [and] a better way of being Jewish." Mr. Oppenheimer summarizes the Cardinal's attitude after his baptism: " . . . Lustiger, now Aaron Jean-Marie, determined to remain a Jew, a Christian Jew, an identity not widely welcome today."

Mr. Oppenheimer seems to imply that this should cause non-Christian Jews to reconsider their usual perceptions of Christianity. But there is absolutely no way on earth a person can believe that Jesus Christ was the Messiah and credibly claim to be Jewish; he is simply a Christian *claiming incorrectly* (sincerity aside) to be Jewish. If I could show Mr. Oppenheimer a distinguished Islamic mullah who said that only his long-ago conversion to Islam from Christianity and his fervent devotion to the Koran had enabled him to become *a true Christian*, would Mr. Oppenheimer accept him as such? I think not, and for very good, obvious reasons.

As for Mr. Oppenheimer's puzzling comment that "the dominant Zionist posture permits Jews to be anything other than Christians" (implying a peculiar anti-Christian animus among Jews), well, this is not well thought out. Many confused Jews who become Buddhists, Marxists, or atheists (to use Mr. Oppenheimer's examples) over time lose their affection for these groups, since they are too small and isolated within Western societies to have adequate spiritual and cultural support structures. Because Christianity is the dominant religion in the West, it is relatively easy for converts to assimilate into it and stay there. (This situation holds true in spades for those Jews who become atheist inside the Soviet empire. Does Mr. Oppenheimer really think we are not distressed by this steady fading away of so many of our brothers and sisters?) If Jewish parents seem less horrified when their kid converts to Buddhism than to Christianity, it is because they see a fairly good chance he will drop this experiment before too long. It is revealing that Mr. Oppenheimer did not even mention how Jews react to conversion to Islam, which still occasionally takes place in Israel: the reactions are at least as sharply negative as when a Jew converts to Christianity.

I hope that the estimable Franz M. Oppenheimer will step a little more carefully the next time he ventures into this dark thicket of theology, motives, and politics.

—Philip Averbuck
Newtonville, Massachusetts

Dear Maestro Tyrrell
You and *TAS* are declared non-events. Voluntarily! As I suspected, your humor's primary purpose is to "hand on vulgarity like a coat-of-arms" (GKC).

On the night of November 19, 1985, my wife and I saw Eugen Jochum lead the Philadelphia Orchestra, the feature work being Bruckner's Ninth. Nothing you have written or said ("The Continuing Crisis," *TAS*, May 1987) is worth one performance of Jochum/Bruckner.

Your mouthings indicate a probable preference for music akin to the clinician Brahms. While futile, I'll say it anyway—the Bruckner scherzos are more innovative than any following Beethoven's, while Bruckner's late adagios are incomparable.

In Vienna several composers, including Bruckner, are looked upon as gods. Vienna is the only large Western city *not* to present a Beatles concert. You and *TAS* are the Beatles. My address to you and *TAS* is: Vienna.

You have permission to send my unused subscription money to the Bruckner Society of America.

—John A. Allwein
Ambler, Pennsylvania

One More Thing
Lewis E. Lehrman's thoughtful essay "The Declaration of Independence and the Right to Life" (*TAS*, April 1987) recovers for the Declaration and the higher law teaching it espouses the touchstone nature the Founders anticipated it having.

Just one addition to Mr. Lehrman's apt comparison of Abraham Lincoln and Chief Justice John Marshall: Lincoln's Gettysburg Address formulation of "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" probably owes its inspiration from Marshall's famous opinion in *McCulloch* v. *Maryland*: "The government of the Union, then . . . is, emphatically, and truly, a government of the people. In form and in substance it emanates from them. Its powers are granted by them, and are to be exercised directly on them, and for their benefit." Marshall's (and Lincoln's) understanding of the Union is dramatically opposed to that of his successor, Chief Justice Roger Taney. The Marshall-Lincoln debate with Taney over the nature of the Union is the precursor of our contemporary debate of individual rights versus group rights.

—Ken Masugi
Washington, D.C.

At Least He's Honest
I have let my subscription lapse because I have decided to spend less time reading and thinking, and more time working and partying. Understand that I am a college student with many rewarding distractions from more actively pursuing the conservative cause. I suggest, however much it matters to me, that you eliminate the "Saloon Series." It's boring.

—Anthony D. Edwards
Londonderry, New Hampshire

Safe Sex at Stanford
The Leland Stanford Junior University is America's only junior university. There is no need to be surprised at the puerilities described by Tom Bethell in the April issue ("Festive Foolery").

—Aryeh H. Samuel
Wheaton, Maryland

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20th Year

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A BRIDGE TOO FAR

America's most photogenic city celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its most photogenic landmark, the Golden Gate Bridge, on Memorial Day weekend, and for one accustomed to the jowly sobriety of federal Washington a walk through the festivities, which stretched for two miles along the bay, was an invitation to sensory overload. The vistas are famously stunning, but in the foreground at any given moment you were likely to confront, say, a tie-dyed dog on roller skates, or a pet chameleon on a string, dragging itself slowly over the shaved head of its snoozing owner, or a punk rocker on a step ladder heaving into a dumpster (without spilling his beer), or a couple in estrus on the trunk of an antique car. On the bridge itself, "Ranger" Rick Kaufman, a "caretaker turned herbologist," was crawling all the way from San Francisco to Marin County, wearing only two pairs of pants. "I'm always driving across here in a car," he explained, "hearing that traffic is moving at a crawl. I just wanted to know what it felt like." At the marina, I surveyed the chaos with a reporter from a local news service. "This," he shouted, over the din rising from the Gay Freedom Day Marching Band and Twirling Corps, "is San Francisco weirdness at its very best."

• • •

As it happens, the idea of building a bridge across the Golden Gate was first given voice by an exemplar of San Francisco weirdness, Joshua Norton, a British-born speculator who made a handsome fortune in the years following the 1849 gold rush. After he overreached himself in the rice market, however, the sudden and unaccustomed poverty drove him rather quickly nuts. In 1859 he declared himself "Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico and China," and with characteristic generosity San Francisco obliged him. From that year until his death in 1880, his small eccentricities carried the force of custom. Not only did the city's best tailors prepare his elaborate uniforms at no charge, but the Emperor also ate free in its finest restaurants, borrowed modestly from the city's banks without interest, and rode its public transportation as he desired. At the Opera House he shared the Royal Box with his two mongrel dogs; the newspapers published his imperial pronouncements with solemn dispatch; a local printer minted a currency of the Emperor's design, which was widely accepted as legal tender. Like most other visitors to San Francisco, Robert Louis Stevenson was charmed by the Emperor's legend: "In what other city would a harmless madman who thought himself emperor of the two Americas have been so fostered and encouraged?"

• • •

Not too many, of course, which is why the legend is fostered and encouraged to this day. In San Francisco, the hospitality afforded Emperor Norton is taken as emblematic, giving the weirdness that characterizes the town the imprimatur of tradition. My own introduction to it came eight or nine years ago, when, as a young and extremely callow midwesterner, I first moved to what the local newspapers annoyingly call "Everyone's Favorite City." My desperate search for an apartment eventually took me to a roommate referral service, which for a modest fee would put an applicant in touch with San Franciscans who were looking for someone to share the rent. On that recommendation I called on a woman named Monique, who lived in a rundown Victorian house in the Haight Ashbury district. She had painted her windows in rainbows and half-moons, and throughout the apartment each doorway was strung with a curtain of multi-colored beads. Incense smoke curled thickly from thuribles spaced about the living room. After greeting me wearing only panties and a loosely tied kimono, she immediately inquired into my interest in witchcraft, which I had to confess was non-existent. I remember thinking that she looked exactly like Morticia from "The Addams Family." Obviously put off by my uninterest in her vocation, she nevertheless asked me to sit on a pillow on the floor so we could talk. She flopped herself down across from me, next to an enormous hookah, and assumed the lotus position. She shot me a stony look from beneath her black bangs. "Tell me about yourself," she said deeply. "Just what sort of person are you?" As she took a drag off a long, dark cigarette, her kimono fell open, revealing her left breast. I quickly looked at my hands. "Well," I said, shakily, "I'm sort of a tit." I didn't get the apartment.

• • •

San Franciscans will tell you that a straight line runs from Norton the Emperor to Monique the Witch, from the hospitality given a "harmless madman" to that accorded the community for which San Francisco is nowadays most famous. On the Friday before the bridge celebration I took a long walk through the Castro district, the heart of the city's homosexual population. Since I left town several years ago, AIDS has of course struck with a vengeance. Everybody with whom I broached the subject knew someone who had recently died, but I noticed too that on this Friday afternoon the bars—with names like the Manhole, the White Swallow, and Does Your Mother Know?—were full to overflowing. "The scene's changed—totally," one Castro businessman assured me. "If anything happens in these bars, you can be sure it's safe. Except for a few idiots." The issue of AIDS and "safety" is now almost thoroughly politicized. Several homosexual rights groups are mobilizing to protest the Pope's visit this fall, when he plans to minister to AIDS patients in the Castro and thereby perpetuate what one man told me was "his immoral war on our lifestyles." And, as always happens when "rights" are at issue, the demands multiply exponentially. In May one homosexual organization demanded that police be required to pass out a condom (why only one?) when they arrest someone from the city's gay districts, along with a pamphlet about safe sex. The sheriff has responded that not only is sex in jail—safe or otherwise—illegal, but the condoms might also be used to smuggle in drugs, which of course may require a needle to use, and we all know what sharing needles leads to. Besides, condoms are everywhere. In one tourist gift shop I saw them set up by the cash register in a special display case, from which they're sold individually, at six cents a pop. Next to the condoms was a "Memorial Day Weekend Special" for large tubes of Probe lubricating jelly.

• • •

Jan Morris, surely the most intelligent journalistic observer of cities, is less than taken by Everyone's Favorite City. "San Francisco is very stylish," she said, in an interview last year, "but what's it for? There's something about it I find absent. I'm not thinking about culture either—just a sense of purpose." What's San Francisco for? It's a good question, if not entirely fair: with the decline of industry and the dispersal of the immigrant communities, it could be asked of any number of American cities. San Francisco originally found its purpose as a financial center and a great seaport, but in the last twenty years much of the financial business has moved south, to Los Angeles, and the Embarcadero has been given over to crowded fern bars and tawdry waterfront shopping malls catering to the tourist trade. What San Francisco is for, now, is tolerance. The town's historical reluctance to pass judgment—to say enough is enough—has been raised to the preeminent, indeed only, civic virtue (until, of course, the conversation bumps up against the evil buffoon Reagan or the slimy Falwell, at which point tolerance becomes bad taste). In the 1870s tolerance was charming; today, because it's almost limitless, tolerance is—well, weird. It's not hard to imagine what those old tailors, good-naturedly embroidering Joshua Norton's imperial garb, would say about their kids walking to school past the 1808 Club on Market Street, for example, which advertises "Jack Off Parties, Mondays and Thursdays, 8 p.m. - 1 a.m." Such a complaint naturally strikes the contemporary San Franciscan as the worst sort of fuddy-duddyism. But a city needs fuddy-duddies. And standing by the Golden Gate on Memorial Day, watching the boats on the bay and the headlands of Marin meeting the sea beyond, I was strongly tempted to volunteer.

—AF

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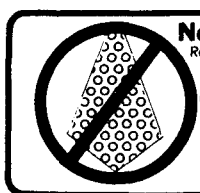

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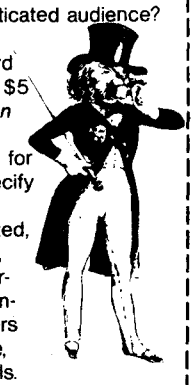

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CURRENT WISDOM

New York Times Book Review

Chilling evidence that the Attack of the Giant Quota Creatures continues:

To the Editor:

In her sympathetic review of my book "Intruders: The Incredible Visitations at Copley Woods" (April 5), Bettyann Kevles makes an assertion I would like to correct. After carefully outlining the admittedly bizarre U.F.O. abductions and enforced genetic experiments my book describes, she states that all the victims of these experiences are white Americans. She wonders, then, if this constitutes a racial bias. Since I had not felt the obligation to disclose the race of anyone I dealt with in my book, I am dismayed that the absence of this information led Ms. Kevles to assume the subjects were, by default, white. In fact, the abductees I've worked with include seven Hispanic victims as well as blacks, Europeans, Native Americans and people of extremely varied ethnic and socioeconomic background.

—Budd Hopkins
New York

Bettyann Kevles replies:

Perhaps this is an instance in which identification of the racial composition of the victims might have been enlightening. The half-alien, half-human hybrids Mr. Hopkins describes are all pink or gray, from which I inferred that all of their human parents were white. I am pleased to learn that a number of them were Hispanic-Americans or blacks.

[May 3, 1987]

Writer

Dr. Kirkpatrick Sale reveals the tricks of the trade for hysterics bit by the Lit. bug:

And even when what's on your plate is nothing so simple as a profile or an autobiography, it makes good sense to go out of your way to find a character here, an individual there, a personification, an embodiment, that will make your themes live for the reader. I once vowed that I would never read a word about Richard Nixon's background or career—this was sometime around 1959—and I kept that vow until I undertook a book on Watergate and the sleazy world of the Sunbelt it opened up for us. And then I knew I would have to delve into Richard Nixon's character completely. It was a sickening trip, to be sure, for what there is of substance about the man is depressing and oily and banal and evil and vengeful and cruel, but I knew I had to know the man inside out—and I knew I had to paint that portrait as carefully as I could. I knew it would turn out to be no more than a minor theme of the book: the faults, dear Brutus, are not in our individuals but in our culture. But it would prove to be vital, and a vital way of presenting the distant truths. So I let Nixon come alive here and there, let readers sympathize with him now and again, let him come through, eventually, as a believable and knowable person.

What we won't go through for our art!

[April 1987]

Rolling Stone

The *Stone*'s incomparable William Greider sings for his supper:

Liberals are making a comeback because Reagan failed to deliver on his economic promises. The Gipper laid out a program that, he said, would restore prosperity and boost incomes. Okay, the nation gave it a shot, and it didn't work. Inflation was eliminated—but all this proved was that inflation was not the source of the underlying problems. In fact, vast areas of the economy were much better off with inflation than without it. The numbers don't lie: economic growth, investment, productivity, employment, wages, every important indicator of economic vitality has taken a turn for the worse. The state of Reagan's economy in the 1980s is even more troubling than Carter's in the 1970s.

[June 4, 1987]

New York Times

A sensible suggestion from Friendly Ted, apparently the village idiot of booming Waltham:

To the Editor:

The new $200 million United States Embassy in Moscow has been bugged, and it clearly cannot be used as an embassy. What do we do with the building?

I disagree with those who say it must be torn down. Why not turn the building into a school, a college or a cultural center? Students from the United States and the Soviet Union could go to learn the language, social customs and cultural contributions of each other's society. Both countries could provide teachers and financial upkeep. And, if the school is bugged, listening to one another's youth might prove enlightening.

Knocking down the new building would be a waste of taxpayer money, and the loss of an opportunity for the superpowers to create something positive instead of leaving it as a negative mess.

—Theodore Jones
Waltham, Massachusetts
[May 14, 1987]

Esquire

A correspondent from the rag "for man at his best" gives Daniel Ortega the standard once-over and is mesmerized in the standard way—those eyes! this time performing amazing tricks:

So it was natural for the junta coordinator, in the midst of a cheering crowd at a great religious festival, to remain almost somber. The turn of events that had brought him to Purisima could hardly be said to have stopped revolving. He would do what he could to influence those events in his country's favor, and his eyes shone inward and outward at the same time, as they always had, while he calculated the chances of Nicaragua against both the gravitational pull of its own underdevelopment and the momentum of the national engine coursing toward it from the north.

[March 1987]

Boston Globe

Little Steven Erlanger of the *Globe*'s Moscow staff falls in love:

The fresh, purist wind of Mikhail S. Gorbachev, the Soviet general secretary, has caused extraordinary soul-searching throughout Soviet society.

His commitment to discipline, accountability and quality control, his tough stance against corruption and drunkenness, a shake-up of the bureaucracy and a weeding out of the Brezhnev old guard, all this has delivered a shock to the system, and to the people who have learned to manipulate it.

[April 11, 1987]

Arrival

Mr. Scott Russell Sanders, belletrist, trots out his most gorgeous prose to investigate a favorite subject—Mr. Scott Russell Sanders, belletrist:

"This must be a hard time for women," I say to my friend Anneke. "They have so many paths to choose from, and so many voices calling them."

"I think it's a lot harder for men," she replies.

"How do you figure that?"

"The women I know feel excited, innocent, like crusaders in a just cause. The men I know are eaten up with guilt."

We are sitting at the kitchen table drinking sassafras tea, our hands wrapped around the mugs because this April morning is cool and drizzly. "Like a Dutch morning," Anneke told me earlier. She is Dutch herself, a writer and midwife and peacemaker, with the round face and sad eyes of a woman in a Vermeer painting who might be waiting for the rain to stop, for a door to open. She leans over to sniff a sprig of lilac, pale lavender, that rises from a vase of cobalt blue. . . .

I search my soul. I discover guilty feelings aplenty—toward the poor, the Vietnamese, Native Americans, the whales, an endless list of debts—a guilt in each case that is as bright and unambiguous as a neon sign. But toward women I feel something more confused, a snarl of shame, envy, wary tenderness, and amazement. This muddle troubles me. To hide my unease I say, "You're right, it's tough being a man these days."

[Summer 1987]

Dallas Morning News

Scholarly sociopoliticohistorical insights from Prof. Sam Donaldson:

"The left wing has never been in the ascendancy in this country. This country is basically a conservative reactionary type of country. Yes, we make progress in some areas that are thought to be areas of liberalism. By fits and starts, human rights is one of them. But it's always going to be the right wing that is going to make the most noise. It was the Ku Klux Klan that marched up Pennsylvania Avenue in the 1920s. It wasn't the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. It's always the right."

[April 16, 1987]

Washington Post

An erstwhile Senate aide testifies that Mr. Gary Hart's real first name was probably Tom:

"I remember one day in the Senate, I'd been there about a year maybe, and Gary didn't show up for work one day. So I called his home and Lee said, 'Oh, we've had this tragedy.' I ask what's the tragedy. She tells me that during the night their cat had taken quite ill and Gary couldn't deal with it. He couldn't sleep with the fact that the cat was ill, so he stayed up all night holding the cat, and it eventually died in his arms. He was crushed.

"I could see him get a 16-page brilliantly written paper from one of his aides and forget to say thank you, you know, honest to God forget to say thank you. It didn't occur to him, and then losing sleep over a cat. The guy is just a very, very tough nut."

[May 8, 1987]

Chicago Sun-Times

Sophisticated badinage from Judy Markey, columnist and Aristotelian for the Windy City's Number Two:

But the real point of National Condom week is to educate, encourage and absolutely demolish any last vestiges of embarrassment. After all, what's to be embarrassed about? It's not like yesteryear when young men died a thousand deaths purchasing the coveted foil packet from their local pharmacist. Today there are racks and racks of the things sitting right there in the open for anyone to buy. Even a woman.

[February 15, 1987]

New York Times

In the kultur pages of the venerable *Times* of New York Mr. Stephen Holden bears the burden of reviewing another grisly drama of toilet amour for the ithyphallic modern male:

Robert Chesley's two-character drama, "Jerker, or the Helping Hand," is a cry of anguished solidarity from the heart of San Francisco's homosexual world, a segment of society where the AIDS epidemic has taken an especially devastating toll.

The play consists of 20 telephone calls between J.R. (Jay Corcoran) and Bert (John Finch), strangers whose anonymous telephone-sex relationship turns into a morale-boosting dialogue on homosexual pride. Conversations that begin as intricate, kinky safe-sex fantasies change in mood and quality as rough "playtime" stories metamorphose into tender "bedtime" stories that look back nostalgically to the 1970s.

"Jerker" accurately bills itself as "a pornographic elegy with redeeming social value," and its gamy language and continual simulated autoeroticism are definitely not for squeamish tastes. . . . Over the course of the drama, we learn that J.R. is a paraplegic Vietnam veteran. And in a stridently angry and simplistic diatribe, he contrasts the evil morality of war to the "really, truly basically good" promiscuous way of life that the epidemic has cut short.

[May 1, 1987]

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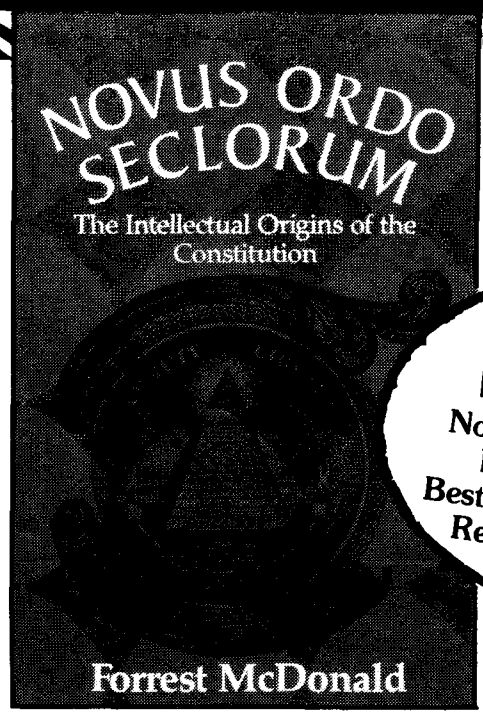

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